

THE
MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

VOL. XIV.

NOVEMBER, 1832.

No. 83.

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MEETING OF THE WORKING CLASSES TO SUPPORT THE TRUE SUN.

WE had not space among our Notes of the Month to notice an event which is certainly one of the most remarkable features of the times. We allude to a meeting of nearly three thousand persons assembled at the Crown and Anchor Tavern, in aid of the fortunes of the *True Sun*, a paper very recently established; but one that, in its short career, has established itself in an unprecedented degree in the confidence and attachment of the working classes. Its funds, however, have proved inadequate to its full and complete establishment; and the proprietors have determined upon the hazardous, but, as it turns out, most successful experiment, of throwing themselves for efficient support upon those classes in particular whose interests it has especially advocated.

The merits of the paper have been acknowledged by men of all parties. The *Examiner* says—"On the merit of the *True Sun* it is unnecessary for us to dilate; it became conspicuous in a very short time; indeed, no paper within our recollection has obtained such high distinction for ability with such rapidity. At once it took its place in the foremost rank of the champions of truth and justice, and became recognized as a leading power." And the *Standard* remarks, that "we believe the writers of this journal to be perfectly honest men, and we know that they are men of talent."—"No one," it is observed, "can charge the *True Sun* with want of talent, or its patrons with want of zeal; it is by the contemptible weakness and want of money of the party, that the difficulties of the journal must be explained."

The Radicals, we are happy to say, are repelling this charge with alacrity and decision. Committees in aid of the paper are being formed, and public meetings convened in various districts of the metropolis, and in most of the large towns throughout the kingdom. The poor man is finding out what he can do with his penny. A Penny Union is established; and the Radical party will soon secure to itself a permanent representative in the Daily Press.

THE
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OF

POLITICS, LITERATURE, AND THE BELLES LETTRES.

VOL. XV.]

NOVEMBER, 1832.

[No. 83.]

A LETTER TO THE EDITOR OF THE EXAMINER.*

SIR.—You take higher ground of pretension to impartiality and candour, than perhaps any other Journalist; and must therefore not wince at the pertinacity, with which a sincere admirer of your talents, one who is anxious to give you full credit for good intention, applies himself to the detection of what he deems your weakness, where you think yourself most strong.

The motto at the head of your paper, you will allow, to constitute a current profession to the public, that its contents shall exhibit strict fairness towards all parties. The hackneyed quotations, "*Tros Rutulusue fuit nullo discrimine habetor.*" "Nothing extenuate, nor set down aught in malice," are, I presume, adequate exponents of the sentiment implied in your motto. You will, no doubt, allow me to understand, "Party is the madness of many for the gain of a few," to mean, as coming from the Examiner, "We will not praise or censure, to promote the views of any set of men. Other papers may deem it justifiable to use *disingenuous means* for the promotion of *laudable ends*: we are far wiser, in this respect, than other Journalists. Our innate candour, moreover, shrinks with instinctive sensitiveness from the *coarse illiberality of common politicians*. We are too high-minded for such dirty work as theirs. We will examine before we conclude; having examined, though the result should falsify our expectations, and be *unacceptable to our political friends*, down shall our sincere convictions be written, nor shall any love of approbation, or fear of censure, deter us from publishing them." You see, Sir, I am resolved upon a thorough understanding with you. If you mean less honourably and candidly than I suppose you to mean by your motto, as a high spirited man and gentleman, you will afford an admirer of your powers a *hint*, (only a *hint*,) towards disabusing his simplicity of its mistake concerning your principles.

Pray do not suppose I mean to affront you. Were you and I discussing a question in private, I should not presume to catechize you thus. But, Sir, you are a public writer, and may exercise great influence for good or bad, upon public interests; and I have a right to consider *myself* towards you, as *one of the public*, and to sift your pretensions accordingly. You are yourself, you know, a most strenuous

* The character of our Correspondent, and the character of the admirable writer whom he addresses, furnish a double reason why we should not hesitate to depart from the common practice, and give insertion to this letter.—ED.

advocate for testing the sincerity of public men. I want to know how far I can trust you as a public writer. You are a representative, I a constituent. If I am to approve of, and support you, it behoves me to look to it, that I place my trust where it will not be abused.

I must argue with you at present, on the supposition of your entire honesty of purpose. If there are suspicious appearances against you, the trying position of a talented Journalist with strong feelings, and strong prejudices, engaged in the thickest of the fending and proving fray, plead your excuse with me so powerfully, that you have at present my good opinion. I award you in this respect, *full benefit of clergy*. But to the point of your delinquency.

It would, Sir, be very unfair and uncandid in you, to abuse the clergy for trying to make their debtors pay their dues, even if they insisted, which they never do, upon the whole of the reserved produce, as provided for in the contract of lease; or, if not provided for, waived in the contract, solely for the knavish profit of the landlord. You are too knowing a man *really*, to wish a body of men to pretend absolute indifference to the good things of the world. Is it worthy of you, then, to aggravate the demerits of the clergy, by quoting *apostolic* disinterestedness against them? You have no right, as a candid and liberal man, to avail yourself of *the old church bombast*, applying apostolic descent and pretensions to the clergy. You know very well, *the modern clergy are not to blame for these absurdities*; and you know, that *the question as to their usefulness, is quite independent of their bearing very absurd names, and having a deal of nonsense predicated concerning them in very old books*. You must be aware, in your cool moments, that, *as far as the clergy discharge the obligations binding on all christians, and perform the services to society, hitherto by society deemed essential from them, they do not deserve the gross vituperation they get, at the hands of many of their fellow countrymen*, and amongst others, I grieve to say it, from you.

Your *employment*, Sir, and *location*, do not admit of a personal acquaintance with the conduct of the great body of the parochial clergy. Is it becoming in a philosopher, and one, who is for ever advocating manliness and fair dealing, to decide against a large body of his fellow countrymen, because, every now and then, he hears of a true case of ill conduct amongst them, or is "*credibly informed by a most respectable correspondent*," that Parson so and so is not quite so good and amiable, as he ought to be?

How indignant were you, and properly so, at the carelessness of the Times, the other day, in reporting a police-case so unfairly, to the prejudice of the police-man! How far ever do we hear from you, of the culpable indifference to truth exemplified in the haste of other journalists to fill their columns *with information*! Ought not you to let parsons, as well as police-men, reap some advantage from your consciousness of the abundance of misrepresentation afloat in society? You are not, I trust, yet so far gone in bitterness against any class of your fellow countrymen, as to refuse consideration to testimony such as mine in their favour. You have every reason to suppose me a sincere man. You will not refuse me some claim upon a radical reformer for a hearing, when you reflect how I have shot a-head of the prejudices of my education, and that I am, though a parson, a radical reformer.

Pray, then, Sir, award me the same favour you so *gladly* concede to your respectable informants of the delinquencies of clergymen; and till

you can from *personal investigation*, prove me wrong, let, what I aver in their favour, avail at least to mitigate the acrimony of your hostility.

I have for many years been intimately acquainted with clergymen; not always from choice, because they are not, as a class, masculine and free enough for my taste; but because circumstances have thrown me amongst them. My disinclination to them, as companions, *in comparison with sober men of the world*, has certainly been augmented, rather than otherwise, by the suspicion with which I have been regarded by them on the score of my opinions. I have experienced from them the effects of the unsocial caution, "*Hic niger est, hunc tu Romane caveto.*" I have never met with one of the class, with whom I would agree on the subjects of Religion, Moral Philosophy, or Politics. I solemnly protest I am not now creating, or embellishing even, in order to gain attention to my testimony. But I am sure you will give me credit for this, at least, without such protestation. I am a parson to be sure; but my being a parson, instead of setting you at all against me, ought in reason to have a contrary effect; because it is, as I before hinted, a proof, *pro tanto*, of my power to preserve myself from prejudices; seeing that in spite of my education and interests, I have persevered in differing, *toto cælo*, from all the parsons I know. I profess the most complete indifference as to what my radical friends might deem a suitable remuneration for my services as a church-man. I am not merely quite content, but positively desirous, to throw myself on the thorough reforming party, for the amount of income to be enjoyed by *myself* out of the tithe proceeds of a parish, should I ever possess a living. I would not let the landlord, richer than myself, cheat me out of the property, *reserved for me by my country*, though you (fie upon you for such truckling to vulgar prejudices, such unphilosophical partiality) would abuse *me for taking my tithe-pig*, instead of *the landlord or farmer for trying to bully me out of it*. But, I repeat it, I would gladly pay up *to the country* all the proceeds, beyond what the least liberal set of my own radical party might deem me deserving of. Nay, more than this, I would not grumble if the country, however unwise I might deem the measure, should oust me amongst other parsons of all emolument from the public property of tithe, and bestow it all upon a system of public education, in which parsons should take no part; if, instead of compelling parsons to reside, and paying them very moderately, and forcing upon them the education of the poor, as their main work, (all which improvements my spirit yearns for, and all which the government may easily bring about) the whole parsonic body were to be turned adrift to make way for a less refined class of public servants.

I would never submit to keep a religious shop, and thus *depend upon the custom of my less informed neighbours for a maintenance* (as I find from you, amongst other *philosophers*, would have to be the case, by recommending payment of clergy by *voluntary* subscription of the neighbourhood.) But I would at once admit the right of the country to dispense with our services altogether, and retire with a good grace into private life, where, if other means of independent support were precluded, I could at least enjoy the independence of digging for my livelihood, rather than cant myself into support by subscription, as methodist parsons ordinarily do.

The possession of these sentiments qualify me, you will allow, to give evidence in favour of parsons, before the arch-radical of all our party, whoever he may be.

It is, I assure you, the opinion of the radicals of my acquaintance, educated men, with eyes and ears open to the state of the country, well acquainted from personal observation with the characters of the clergy; it is the opinion of my acquaintance of this stamp, that, however just your general political views, the parsons are treated in an unmanly and uncandid style by the Examiner. These friends of mine are hostile to tithe as a *mode* of payment; but they are not disingenuous enough to quote the spirituality of inspired apostles against the modern clergy, for endeavouring to force their debtors to do them justice. They and I have been used, when boys, to laugh at the representation in the *gallant show*, or a caricature, of a bloated parson struggling against Mr. and Mrs. Bumpkin and household for the possession of a pig; but they are too candid and well-informed to deem such pleasantry *conclusive*, or *fit to be used* in a serious argument, as the Church question is now become, against the body of the clergy. We should all of us be ashamed of lugging in the pig head and shoulders, as you did in your leading article, September 30th, in order to fix upon the clergy the detestable and excessive criminality of causing, by their extortion and pugnacity, general ill-will and hatred in the country. You cannot escape from the charge of the most culpable levity at least, if it be not downright inhumanity, for having thrust in, where it appears in last Sunday's paper, "*Nothing in existence fights like a Church.*" *Gratuitous* taunts and insults, Sir, are the most conclusive proof of an uncandid, unphilosophical, unmanly enmity; and surely this insult to the clergy was *gratuitous*. The argument for the ballot was not in the least aided by it. You were very properly treating with contempt the absurd plea of supporting manliness by artificial contention. But the plea is not in fashion now, as you well know, and even were the permanency of the Church, as it is likely, (which you are always asserting to be impossible,) you could not therefore have wanted the instance of the Church to urge as a set-off against the peacefulness of the ballot. Certain, as you declare yourself to be, of the approaching dissolution of the tithe system, this attributing of gross wickedness to a whole body of men is most palpably a piece of gratuitous uncharitableness, and in the very teeth of your boastful pretensions to philosophy and candour. Depend upon it, Sir, no man of education, no manly liberal-minded man, who knows the state of the country, and the existing tenure of landed property, would, however a radical a reformer, blame the parson for claiming his tithe-pig; but would, on the contrary, admit the man who withheld it to be a knave, and the parson a fool, if he submitted to the injustice. Recollect, Sir, that, though here and there a canting fool or hypocrite amongst them may represent himself as an apostle, on the authority of antiquated Church pretensions, the parsons, as a body, do not pretend to be above worldly wants and desires. Recollect they have families to support like other men. Recollect, especially recollect, (for surely you cannot always have been ignorant of the fact) that, whatever *your philosophy* may expect of them, other men do not want them to be content with the worldly condition of inspired apostles, and then put these queries fairly to your conscience. Do I not conduct my general argument against the clergy, as uncandidly and illiberally, as the lowest and most ignorant scribbler of the day? Do I not gladly take advantage of any instance I can rake up of clerical misconduct, in order to villify the whole body; thus arguing from particulars to universals, though a loud exclainer against

this practice in other writers? Are not my habits of life, my employment and location, as little suited as any, to afford me knowledge of my own, of the general body of the clergy? Do I ever take the least pains to find out the proportion of the bad subjects amongst them to the good, so far good at least, that I have no right to abuse them? In short, do I not, as far as regards my clerical brethren, act in the teeth of the pretence of my paper; am I not towards them *a bitter party man*, and a *Taker-forrgranted*, instead of an *Examiner*? If you can think yourself justified in refusing to question your conscience thus in a matter of such serious consequence; or, having done so, can feel satisfied with yourself for the spirit of hostility to the clergy, you are not so good a fellow as I hope you are at bottom.

You see I do not mince the matter with you; I speak plain, though I hope not offensively, I have, I feel, a right to be more severe than I have been, should I think it would serve my purpose; nor would you, I believe deny me this right. You are yourself a dealer out of full measure of chastisement to public characters, who suit not your views, and a warm encourager of others to pursue the same course. Witness the letters of Junius Redivivus to Burdett, not that I object to these letters; but they are calculated to wound the public man's feelings deeply. Equal severity if I chose to inflict it, I should think you, as a public man bound to tolerate from me, as one of the public, and should expect your good sense to agree to this. Now then, Sir, pray do me the favour and justice to receive my evidence of knowledge in favour of the parsons. You attack all the parochial parsons (though you sometimes affect to possess a certain degree of respect for curates; who by the bye, *are still paid by the levy of tythe pigs*) for your abuse extends to the incumbent of every parish that can produce a tythe pig. Take my word for it, you are quite abroad respecting the behaviour of the parochial clergy. I have lived amongst them, and know all about them, and am as much better informed as to their general conduct than you are, as you use more cognizant with the habits and behaviour of the newspaper reporters of the metropolis than I am. You have a notion, that parochial parsons care about *nothing*; but their own sordid interests, under the figure of your eternal *tithe-pig*; that they are a curse, rather than a comfort to the poor; that the tithe-payers have need of all their vigilance and ingenuity, to save their goods from unjust appropriation by these cormorants; in short, that whereas others, their neighbours may be worthy men, and useful, and set a good moral example, parsons are generally the reverse of this, and the main cause of anti-social mischief in their respective parishes: add to this that very few of them reside on their benefices.

Now Sir, with respect to all these notions, you labour under gross delusion. I have been used to observe the parochial clergy, and can vouch for their being generally conscientious, and anxious to promote, in what the country has hitherto encouraged them to consider the best way, the interests of their parishioners. If you and I think we know how they might make themselves much more useful than they are, as I believe we do, can that warrant us in abusing them for unconscientious neglect of duty? You, and your vituperative coadjutors of the press, may be, and doubtless are very sharp fellows; but surely you are not so far gone in egotism, as to expect the clergy to act in concert with you, instead of with the aristocracy and middle ranks, who, even now seem to consider the old womanish practise of the clergy, with their stupid

sermons, and catechizings, and patting little boys and girls on the head, &c. &c., the best way to enlighten and christianize a parish. Depend upon it, the clergy do, in the main, make themselves what is by others, as well as themselves deemed very useful in a religious point of view in their parishes. Be assured then, unless you are a very immaculate person indeed yourself, you are not, I will not say religiously, but philosophically justified in rating the parochial parsons on the score of neglected duties. Again, as regards the poor, take my veracious testimony to the fact, that the clergy are the largest alms givers of any class of men of the same incomes; and, as for taking an interest in the concerns of the poor, there is hardly a country parish, in which the parson is not the advocate of the poor, at the expence of ill will to himself from the overseers. Item, with respect to tithe-payers I have taken no slight pains to inquire, how far the clergy, stand acquitted of rapacity in collecting their dues. A radical friend of mine, an old country doctor, assured me, the other day, that he never knew a parson, who was not grossly cheated out of his dues; while he laughed outright at the notion, of a parson ever in a single instance getting *more*, than the law sets apart for church property. This accords entirely with my own observation; and, if you are willing to be informed, as I hope and trust for your own sake, you are, as well as for the sake of public peace and charity, you will be glad to be edified by an instance which has lately occurred between parties of my acquaintance.

A neighbouring rector has a very good living. The proceeds of tithe are much above what you and I should deem adequate remuneration for his services. But this is foreign to the question; for a relation bought the presentation for him, and he of course has as good a right to the tithes, as you have to the watch in your pocket: it would be treating you like a child to argue with you upon this fact. Well, this rector has, for one of his tithe-payers a man of fortune, who of late years has taken to farming on his own account. This gentleman though a tory, as soon as he commenced farming, found it inconvenient to pay the rector his tithe-demands. The rector knew he had not set his tithe at so much as half of its real value, and therefore recalcitrated, or according to you, struggled for his pig, recommending the gentleman farmer, who 'till then had been his intimate friend, to get his rent lowered, to the amount of the required relief (for he did not farm his own land) the parson used some such expostulation as this "I have a wife and children to support, and besides, had I not, the *poor* should have all I could give away: you are a rich man; how absurd for me to make you a present of so much money! if you have made an unfavourable bargain with your landlord, beg him to be equitable, and reconsider the lease." Gross, anti-apostolical selfishness this, Sir, according to your present notions; but which I hope and trust you will not persist in entertaining much longer. The gentleman farmer holding the same opinion as yourself perhaps, respecting the obligation of parsons to put up with cheating, from this moment foreswore friendly acquaintance with the parson, and proceeded to harass him by the most petty and illiberal stratagems in the collection of his tithe. The parson, though not being quite such an angel as you would have a parson be, set himself to counteract the machinations of his quondam friend, and has hitherto succeeded in getting all he required of him, i. e. not quite half what was due. You will admit it to be rather an aggravation of the rough treatment this parson experienced, that this friend of his had, some years before he

commenced farming himself, rated the person for allowing himself to be so cheated as he was, and actually pointed out, how he might do himself justice.

Now, Sir, had one of your common purveyors of clerical misconduct happened to come in contact with this gentleman farmer, he might have heard from him, how unlike an apostle Parson so and so had demeaned himself; and down then would the *Information to be relied upon* have gone in your paper, under the head of "*Clerical Rapacity*," "*More Tithe Pigs*," or some such expressive and ingenuous advertisement of parsonic wickedness.

I have not here detailed a case forming an exception to the very general treatment parsons experience from their liberal and *christianity-requiring* tithe-debtors. Receive this instance, Sir, "*from a most respectable correspondent*," which, without boasting, I really am, as a sample, in his immediate neighbourhood, of what he knows to be general anti-parsonism in other parishes. On this subject suffer yourself to be instructed, for once, against your will. I know all about these matters; while you know, or write as if you knew, nothing about them. Be for once convinced, against your wishes, that in all *country* squabbling about tithes, (I know nothing of the London clergy) the parsons are the considerate and self-denying gentlemen, the tithe-payers, the unreasonable and bullying knaves.

Should your zealous informants have detected, any where, *one* instance to the contrary, which I don't believe they can; pray do me the justice I have a right to expect from one of your intellectual calibre, and let this one opposite instance avail no farther than, by the rules of evidence, it ought to avail against my direct and well-informed testimony to the general truth.

And now, Sir, supposing the consequence of this general galling treatment of the parochial clergy to be, in some instances, a *sourness* and *want of cordiality*, indicating a not entire good will of the parson to his tithe-payers; would any literate man, with your high pretensions to candour and free-hearted manliness, visit the weakness harshly on a fellow-creature? But I forget:—I am writing to one, who *professes* to expect apostolical spirituality from clergymen! and I must therefore make some concession to the weakness of judgment, and slight knowledge of human nature, from which alone, if such professions be sincere, such unreasonable expectations could arise. As, though, you seem pretty well read in the Bible, it is fair to interrogate you thus:—From what you collect of the character of St. Paul, do you think that, had a provision for his maintenance been set apart by the laws, he would tamely have put up with the gross injustice of individual attempts to deprive him of it? Do you not rather suppose his natural manliness would at first have induced him to resent such conduct, in mere self-defence; and that, when his indignation, on his own account, had passed off, as it soon would, he could still have persisted in maintaining his rights, if only for the sake of discouraging thievish selfishness in others? Give yourself but a fair chance of correcting your unphilosophical prejudices respecting the required spirituality of parsons, and this hint for a true estimate of the apostolic spirit, which you are for ever mis-quoting, will work a thorough change in your sentiments on the subject.

Believe me, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

A RADICAL PARSON.

October, 1832.

THE FIFTH SON.
A BACHELOR BALLAD.

Aye, call me cold if beauty's snares
No more my heart decoy,
I've seen too many happy faces
To wish to share their joy ;
I've heard the words of union read,
The bells rejoicing ring,
I've brothers four—and how they sped
My task is now to sing ;
I tell you that I would not wed
To make myself a king.
My eldest brother needs must seek
A bride of high estate,
Whose sire's achievements in a week
You hardly could relate :—
Alas ! poor Grey !—when Lady Anne
His lady deign'd to be,
Her tongue like water ever ran
Its theme her ancestry—
God help, say I, the simple man
That weds old family !—
George made a vow his love should know
The name of every shell,
And all the flowers, and trees that grow
By root, and leaf, and smell.
Yet more than these his charmer knew
And never was content,
Save when on brown and sandell'd shoe
To botanize she went ;
And to his chamber he withdrew,
To mourn his money spent.
Poor John, the third !—Alas ! a sigh
His stony bust may tell,
He choose, for cheek, and foot, and eye,
A proud triumphant belle.—
Her heart was with her glass,—or where
Her gems in caskets lay,
From night to morn her only care
What flattering tongues could say ?
She teas'd the jealous to despair,
And then she ran away.
His warning by the elder three
Sagacious Jasper took,
No dainty lady of degree,
Of beauty, or of look :—
His thrifty spouse disdained to sit
Her time with thought to kill,
To roast, to boil, to spin, to knit,
Her hand was never still ;
She ruled the keys—she ruled the spit,
She ruled her husband's will.
Then call me cold, if woman's snares
No more my heart decoy,
I've seen too many happy pairs
To wish to share their joy.
Grey hath grown deaf—and George—he fled
From all his duns in spring ;
John, of his broken heart is dead,
Could hen-pecked Jasper sing ?
He'd join my stave—" I would not wed
To make myself a king !"—

E. F. C.

PARTIES AND PROSPECTS IN PARIS.

Paris, Oct. 20th.

Of the new ministry anon ; it is a wearysome subject.

You are aware what theorists the French are well—the affairs of Ireland, and the Birmingham refusal to pay church-rate, have set the Parisian world chattering about religion, about different *cultes*, their nature, and the rise and fall of them.

Your journalists, with the exception of Dr. Black perhaps, and one or two others, have in England no theory whatever. You write on, as if there was no such thing as ethics at all, or as man's moral nature. And ye argue the merits and the fortunes of the Church of England and the Church of Rome, just as you would those of an individual—that is, is he well-behaved ? is he well-endowed ? without ever considering his temperament, his peculiarities, and their influence upon his acts and fate.

The French, on the contrary, philosophize every thing, sometimes with pedant no doubt, but sometimes to the establishment of a truth, and the opening of a general view. The press in Paris is the school of Athens, where fifty philosophic creeds jostle and struggle to show themselves. The Catholics have numerous gazettes, Protestantism has the "*Semeur*," St. Simonism has its organ ; and a very clever sophistical dispute they all carry on.

Now how do you think they view the religious affairs of Ireland and of Birmingham ? I will tell you by transcribing the conversation of a *salon* last night ; and don't be incredulous if I assert that ladies were the profoundest disputants. But I can only give you the sums. And this was, that the Church of England was the exclusive religion of the aristocracy. The Catholic religion had this good at least in it, that it provided for the spiritual wants and weaknesses, and united itself to the sympathies of both rich and poor. That if it was gorgeous and powerful, it was also humble in certain respects, courted the poor, took a great portion of its clergy from the lowest ranks, and left them in that low station, which gave them fraternity with the poor.

The Church of England does none of all this. Its clergy are all well born, university-bred, gentlemen, of the upper castes in society, or affecting to be so—men who necessarily look down on the larger and poorer numbers of their flock, who can know no sympathy or have no veneration for them.

The existence of such a religion for the aristocracy, necessitates another for the middle classes, since the spirit of the English Church, not its dogmas, necessarily disgusts the latter. The religion of the middle and lower classes is to be found then in *dissent*.

Now the Dissenters are rapidly gaining ground in England ; the number of their congregations has doubled since 1812. This, the French say, (and I believe them) is not owing to any thing peculiar in their doctrines, but merely to the humble zeal with which they work, and to their addressing principally the middle classes. *Dissent* is the religion most congenial to these classes, and hence its gradual gaining of ground upon the Church of England is a proof, that the middle classes are gaining ground upon the aristocracy. Whether the premises of this

French argument be true or not, I will not say. I give them as they were spoken: but that the conclusion is true no one will deny.

Now this, which is but doing in England, is *done* in France. The aristocracy has disappeared, and men of the middle rank in birth, in wealth, in life, wield all the influence in society and in the state. They are the uppermost class, and they are resolved to continue so. They will have no lords, no seigneurs, no hereditary privileges. This is the dominant, universal, fixed principle of the French nation. Yet the French king has just appointed an administration, the sentiments of which are directly opposed to this general spirit and determination. The *doctrinaires*, De Broglie, Guizot, &c., are admirers of the English constitution, not that of 1832, mark me, but that of 1831. They believe that no state can subsist without an hereditary aristocracy, liberal if possible, that is, understanding its own interests, but still a privileged aristocracy.

These men, in political creed, are pretty much what the Whigs are in England. They are the same abstractedly. But what immense difference doth not their respective positions place between them? In England the Whigs are for *progress*, since liberty has not yet reached their maximum. In France, the *Doctrinaires*, instead of being for progress, are for *reaction*, because liberty has passed their ideal limits. And what limits! Good heavens! when the electoral franchise is confined to those paying ten pounds of annual taxes. Therefore you are not to judge of the enormity of the administration just constituted by their opinions, but by the contrast of those opinions with the ones prevalent here. Wellington created *premier* of the English cabinet at present could not be a greater blow given to the ear of the public, than the appointment of Guizot has proved to France.

It is the opinion of a number of persons here, that Louis-Philippe is seriously disgusted with his quasi royalty; that his secret purpose is to resign in favour of the Duc de Bourdeaux and legitimacy; and that in order to pave the way for this, he has undertaken to disgust the French as much as possible with the *monarchie de Juillet*, and to draw from it as many absurdities as possible. These good people are no doubt very much mistaken; Louis Philippe is not so blind to the charms and solid revenues of royalty, nor so very susceptible of disgust. But certainly his acts give no small colour to the supposition. For not only does he, whose crown was yesterday the gift of the people, put himself in opposition to that very people, but he selects the same moment to destroy for ever the remaining respectability of one of the pillars of the said *monarchie de Juillet*.

I allude of course to the Chamber of Peers. When it was proposed to change the name of this upper House to that of *Senate*, as more appropriate to a set of poor, unknown, unillustrated, unhereditary notorieties, it was negatived. Its dignity, forsooth, was to be upheld. And this Falstaff's regiment of legislators, this ragged rout, preserved its title of the peerage. M. De Broglie, and his party, exerted all their powers to bestow hereditary rights upon its members; and the majority of the Chamber desired no better than thus to secure a temple of honour for themselves; but they were ashamed, and durst not. Perier added forty recruits to the number; and lo! sixty now are marched up to join the squad.

I do not think that there is one man of 1000*l.* per annum independent

of place and pension amongst the sixty. And some are absolute paupers. There is poor Cousin, for example, *Sa Seigneurie Monsieur Cousin*, as the *National* calls him in derision, who had not cash to buy himself that green-embroidered uniform in which councillors of state go to court, and who went in consequence in a tatterdemallion of a robe, its tail stuck in a kind of girdle that the philosopher had invented. I remember the whole court of Louis Philippe, not excepting the monarch himself, holding their sides with laughter, at the inexpressibly queer figure cut by Cousin; and yet this man is now his lordship. But why should poverty be an obstacle to advancement? Why indeed? But at least when a king gives a coronet, he should give a new coat.

The only excuse for making these peers, is to out vote the Carlists. Yet in the list we find, De Caux, the old sub-minister, and the Duc D'Angouleme and Colleague of Villele, De Berbis, De Mezij, De Freville, De La Briffe, De Lamoignon, De Montguy, De Montlosier, De Nicolai, De Preissac, De Rayneval (the friend of Polignac) all old *Marquises* every one, men whose sole aim will be to embarrass the government. And why are these dregs, these younger brothers, and hangers on of the old noblesse elevated to the peerage. Simply Louis Phillippe coquetting with the royalists, and begging them to rally to his side for the sake of a tarnished, gingerbread coronet, to be accepted too in company, will aides-de-camps of the national guard, with ex-professors from the university, ex-chemists from their laboratories, ex-deputies from the chambers of the restoration, all *exes*, because employers or electors would have no more to do with them.

The fact is this, that for an upper chamber in the legislature, there is no medium betwixt hereditary and elective right. Hereditary right without great property, and privileges is absurd. And between this, and the senator elect, there is no possible mode of framing a legislator, so as to endow him with the sacred character, necessary to command respect. For in fine, the day is come, when men will not reverence laws, unless they can reverence those who make them, which is the secret of our own Reform, and which is not the secret, but the precise, and inevitable cause of the fall of the French Chamber of Peers.

When some months back, the *National*, the great organ of the Republicans, gave out its manifesto, or that of its party, which demanded an upper chamber elective, and based upon the possession of large property, there was a general out cry against the proposed and proposition. Not so now. Every person begins to see the exceedingly great good sense of it. I meet with men in society, who support Louis Philippe, nay Charles X. who praised the Pope's regime, and Napoleon's and Polignac's, and what you please. But any one hardy enough to defend the present Chamber of Peers, and to say that it ought to endure, is not to be met with. The very members of the batch are ashamed of their elevation. And one personage, who was highly delighted, and solicitous of the honour in prospect, has kept his room since he was gazetted, for fear of being overwhelmed by ironical congratulations.

But its condemnation lies in the fact, that Roger Collard, the prince of the *Doctrine*, refused to be peerified. He would devote himself for them, he said, to the infernal gods, but not to be sacrificed on the altar of Monaus.

Now, what was the Senate, which the *National* and its Republican party demanded? Was it such, as would please the Jacobins? It was

this, a Senate, chosen by electors, each of whom should at least pay 1,000 francs, or £40 of annual taxes. In other words, it was to be an upper chamber, composed of, or at least, chosen by the aristocracy of wealth. Now I will venture to assert, that this elective chamber is far more aristocratic than the present tag-rag and bob-tail, which is at once the laughing-stock, and the arbiter of a great nation.

The party of the *Milieu* and of the old revolutional of 93, mock at the idea of any upper chamber; but Lafayette and his friends wisely acknowledge the necessity of this check, and certainly it is with a view more to strengthen than to undermine royalty. They wish to give it a healthy limb to walk and lean upon; whereas the *Doctrinaires* have given it merely a broken crutch.

I conclude with an anecdote from the Memoirs of the Duc de Mortemart.

„ In 1815, *Monsieur*, Count d'Artois (since Charles X.) lodged at Ghent, in an hotel situated on the great *Place*, or Square. Alleys of magnificent trees rendered it a charming promenade, which in consequence became the favourite resort and rendezvous of the *émigrés*. Often have I seen Chateaubriand pacing up and down here with Bertin de Vaux (editor of the *Journal des Débats*, and one of the new peers). M. Guizot came hither also every day, and although not having the honor of a previous acquaintance, I still accosted him as a friend in our common exile. Nevertheless, we were far from following the same career. He was in plain clothes, and I in the uniform of a Colonel of Hussars (*Chasseurs*). The French are a communicative people, in bad or in good fortunes, so that M. Guizot and I met with pleasure every morning upon this *Place* of Ghent just as old fund-holders approach each other at the *Luxembourg*, or in a warm corner of the *Thuilleries* gardens. M. Guizot conversed well, and I listened to him as an oracle. I was then a fool of a poor fellow, who, with my brain turned by studying the History of France, had imagined to imitate the old *preux* of Charles VII., in following their exiled and discomfited king, rather than to stay at Paris to receive the favour of Henry the VIth, King of France and England.

“ We paced sentimentally, M. Guizot, and I, on this beautiful square of Ghent. From time to time my companion would stop, and point to me the hotel where the Prince lodged, observing “ I came here only to behold an instant that good Prince, and true chevalier. Ah! the French do not deserve to have a king like him.” I verily believe M. Guizot must have wept in uttering these words, so deeply did he seem affected. “ Yes,” said he, “ the French are great criminals, but we must make them happy in their own despite, and for this we must muzzle them, which can easily be down by means of *cours prévotales* (drum-head courts martial.)” No I had never heard of *cours prévotales* even in my regiment, and I begged M. Guizot to enlighten me on this point, which he had the amiability to do. He explained to me precisely the nature of this military mode of government. And I, as a soldier, found it quite as good as any other.

“ Who could have told me,” concludes M. de Mortemart, “ that fifteen years after, I, who had turned book-worm from a colonel of *Chasseurs* should have been dismissed from my place, by M. Guizot, Minister of the Interior to King Louis-Phillippe, and that I should have been so dismissed for resolving to remain faithful to that prince, before whom I had seen M. Guizot in tears of wrapt adoration.”

EUROPE AND HER DESPOTS.

No. III.—THE DUKE OF MODENA.

THERE are several distinct systems of depotism in full operation on our European continent. First in the dominions of the imperial autocrat Nicholas (the grog-drinker), we behold the despotism of the sword. Beneath the sway of the "Miscreant" live fifty millions of human beings, scattered over a territory embracing thirty-eight parallels of latitude, and 120 meridians of longitude. But bad as it is, this is not after all, the worst system in the list. If the Russian government denies even the shadow of political liberty to its vassals, it freely tolerates, nay, openly protects every form of worship; while, like ancient Rome, it leaves to the conquered provinces, their language and customs, dearer to semi-barbarous races than even political independence itself. In fact, stern and uncompromising as it is, the Muscovite government leaves no exertion untried, rapidly to develop the resources of the empire and extend its political influence. By a profound writer this government has been defined as an enlightened despotism.

In England we have long ago thrown off the despotism of the sword, but only to fall under that of another and a worse evil—worse even than the sword—the law! Since the creation of the world no system, perhaps, ever produced so full a measure of social misery as this. In every other country the laws have generally been framed for the welfare and happiness of the community at large, but in England they have been made for the exclusive advantage of the law itself. It has been remarked that there is not an act of parliament through the flaws of which a road waggon may not be driven; and by twisting and turning some of our numerous statutes, there is not a man in his majesty's dominions, who is not exposed every hour of the day to use the language of Napoleon, to be "*dûment et légalement pendu.*" And yet we consider ourselves the freest people in the universe, and are constantly recurring to the priest-ridden Spanish and Portuguese for tropes and metaphors, to illustrate the combined effects of superstition and despotism. We much doubt, however, if ever, in its best days, under the reign of the second Philip, the church in Spain ever exercised so baneful an influence on the social condition and happiness of the Iberians, as does the law at this day on the people of England. In this sense we would ask, does a Spanish inquisitor cause more misery than a Master in Chancery? or are the judgments of a corregador more despotic and unconstitutional, than many of those that emanate from our bench of magistrates? Is a Spanish alguazil a greater rogue than an English sheriff's officer? Whatever may be the answer, to these queries, we can carry our comparison no farther, for we defy Spain or any country to produce any thing so elaborately vile, so basely wicked as the common herd of English attornies. In the Austrian dominions, the government pursues its end, neither by the despotism of the law nor the sword, nor by the spiritual terrors of the church, but by the slow and surer method of moral degradation, that secretly saps the foundation of every principal of independence, every generous aspiration, and renders man the fit tool of despotism. Espionage and corruption are its arms; but in spite of the machiavelism of the arch-Metter-

nich the fiery Hungarian, the proud Bohemian, and simple Tyrolean, remember that they once possessed such a thing as a constitution, and will, before long, we venture to predict, teach the Austrian government, that it has scotched the snake—not killed it; that their liberties, however depressed, are not utterly extinguished.

Now if there really walks the earth a being so enamoured of tyranny and oppression, as to wish to behold them in their abstract perfection, it is not in any of the countries that we have passed in review, that he will find it; but if he directs his steps towards a small Italian principality at the foot of the Appenines, there, under the government of Francesco the Fourth, Duke of Modena, he will have the glorious spectacle of 400,000 of his fellow-creatures groaning beneath a studied aggregation of every abuse that can tend to desolate and oppress, to break the spirit of a people, to damp their industry, to quench their hope. This pigmy sovereign is the abstract perfection of a despot and he sports with the lives and properties of his subjects, as if they had been created by Heaven as mere objects to gratify his caprice.

When Napoleon overrun Italy, this duchino was sent to the right about to Venice, on a pension from the directory, while his Lilliputian state was incorporated with the less-Alpine republic, and afterwards with the kingdom of Italy. On the downfall of the French emperor, he was recalled by the Holy Alliance from his retirement, and reinstated in his dominions. The long interregnum had sharpened his appetite for ducal power; he no sooner found himself once more in his dominions, than he set to work in good earnest, to make up for lost time. His first measure was to abolish every trace of the French administration, and to substitute for their admirable judicial system, his own arbitrary "*bon plaisir*." The next was to re-establish the jesuits, who soon commenced a bitter crusade against freedom and intelligence. They established a sort of inquisition to watch over the observance of religious duties. The books of every private individual must be submitted to the controul of two commissioners appointed for that purpose; the domiciliary visits of the police are frequent, and often are made in the middle of the night. On one occasion a book was found in the lodgings of a young student: this work was not even one of those prohibited in the "*Index expurgatum*," of the ducal government, but it merely wanted the seals of the two commissioners alluded to. It was in vain that the unfortunate student alledged that the book in question had been in the possession of his family long anterior to the enactment of the law; such a defence availed him nothing, he was thrown into a dungeon and his property confiscated.

Avaricious in the extreme, confiscation has become the order of the day, and Carbonarism the pretext for the most iniquitous proceedings. In fact this "little tyrant," bleeds his people in all their pores, and exhausts every refinement of cruelty and oppression. The baneful effects of such a system in a small state, where interests and families are united, can easily be conceived. Every class of society has been implicated, and there are at this moment, wandering in the exile of a foreign land, hundreds of his subjects condemned to death not for any well-substantiated charge, but on mere suspicion. Thus terror and distrust reigns on every side, and a veil of mourning hangs over the land.

Of all the sovereigns of Europe the Duke of Modena is the only one

who has not yet acknowledged Louis-Philippe. Since the memorable three days his tyranny has been observed to assume a concentrated malignity. Several French liberals were actually ordered to quit the Modenese territory, and woe betide any of his subjects found reading the *Constitutionnel*, or any other liberal journal. Every foreigner is under the strict surveillance of the police. Some time ago, a foreign tourist expressed himself rather freely in a café on the subject of the Modenese government, the conversation was almost immediately related by a *sbiri* to the Chef de Police, who, in his turn, laid the affair before the duke. The result was a ducal mandate to the audacious foreigner to quit his dominions in twenty-four hours. On receiving the intimation, the foreigner observed to the messenger, "Why then I have still twenty-two hours to remain in Modena, for two hours ride will carry me across the frontier." In fact a man may with ease make a tour of the duchy between breakfast and dinner.

How much longer will human nature put up with the freaks of such a monster? There is no guessing to a month or a day, but such things must have an end. The electric lights of freedom have penetrated with their subtle power, into the strong holds of ignorance and fraud. The day cannot be far distant, when these strongholds, shaken to their base, will perish in the wreck of matter, and fade like a hideous dream; when men, on reading the history of the part, will look with mixed feelings of wonder and pity—perhaps with contempt, on those degraded spirits, who so tamely submitted to the chain, when a single blow would have avenged and vindicated humanity.

TO FRANCESCA.

I LOVE thee, Francesca, thy tresses of jet,
 And the dark glancing light of thine eye,
 On my heart an impression of magic hath set,
 That will leave thy name there when I die.
 But what is mere beauty? the brightness of spring—
 Of autumn, when summer's sweet days are gone by,
 A flow'ret that once touch'd by time's blighting wing,
 Will be left all neglected to wither and die.

I love thee, Francesca, I doat on thy charms,
 But how many have charms like to thine,
 How many whom I might enfold in mine arms,
 And call them this moment all mine;
 Yet they have but beauty, the bloom of an hour,
 They know not, they feel not, the love they impart,
 But fade in our arms like a cold senseless flower,
 From its stem torn asunder and blighted at heart.

I love thee Francesca, and firmly believe,
 That my love is as warmly repaid,
 Those eyes beaming fondness, they could not deceive,
 Some glance had their falsehood betrayed.
 Thou shalt be the blossom, and I'll be the tree,
 And when the cold winter of death shall come o'er,
 When its blight my Francesca, shall fall upon thee,
 The tree shall grow sapless and blossom no more.

M. M. No. 83.

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M. G. L.

THE MARGATE HOY.

It is many years ago, on a bright morning in August, that I detected myself descending the City Road from Islington, on my route to Thames Street, having determined to treat myself to a view of the natural beauties of Father Thames. To accomplish this craving after the picturesque, I had taken my passage on board a Margate-hoy. Many will doubtless have occasion to inquire of their elders and betters, the meaning of the term *hoy*. To be perspicuous, then, hoys were small vessels plying to and from Margate, at much less cost, less trouble, and less risk, than your modern nuisances, steam-boats.

But these were days when people were not bitten with the mania of innovation; when they were contented with what their fathers had before them; when radical reform was voted treason, as it ought to be:—when people made money, and enjoyed themselves, and did not grumble and starve. If the king—bless his memory! he was a pattern to princes,—if he dipped his hand pretty freely into their purses—why, “there was plenty there, and plenty to spare,” as they used goodhumouredly to say. I’ve never seen better times than when a man could pick your pocket, and you none the wiser. In those days we had no unnatural combinations with the French. The French were our natural enemies; and every free-born Briton, that was not a disgrace to the name, was bound to hate all Frenchmen and frogs, and wooden shoes. Those were glorious days, and England will never be herself again till the same wholesome natural feeling returns. However, all that has nothing to do with the Margate-hoy.

Arrived in Thames-Street, I rapidly embarked, and surveyed my position. Here was food for the imagination!—what a glorious commixture of antitheses!—what abrupt and terrific variety in the mental polarization of individuals! In a Margate-hoy, at least, extremes always meet.

Although the vessel was scarcely “under weigh,” the work of masticatory destruction had already begun. Baskets and panniers unfolded their stores, and a host of sallow, sore-eyed children gazed in agonizing gluttony upon the contents. Bottled porter, brandy, peppermint, gin, and rum, were, even at this early hour of the morning, steadily resorted to, anticipatory of sea-sickness. Every species of eatable abomination was discernible on deck, in every variety of envelope, from the decent wicker-basket to the dirty neck-cloth or pocket-handkerchief, tied in repeated knots upon the treasures within. Here was displayed the trembling delicacy of the grey cow-heel, the shining slice of single Gloster cheese, the tooth-drawing $\frac{3}{4}$ -inch sandwich of “genuine Irish ham,” straining the lid of the japan sandwich-box—and even—oh! horror!—cold roasted potatoes, with large flattened spheres of suet dumpling!—All these were present; and, lastly, that horrific pestilential abomination, termed “bubble and squeak,” to the swallowing of which, cannibalism is a classic virtue.

Many were the features of disgust at this scene, exhibited by the hebdomidal pretenders to aristocratic notions. But farther forward stood a group of three elderly individuals, whom the powdered hair and foreign cut of their dress and hat, of a truly national shape, pronounced,

without a possibility of mistake, to be Frenchmen of the old regime. They were grouped apart from the scene, and talking their own language; nor was their attention directed to what was going on, until fixed by the report of a bottle of porter, and the general eruption of the contents upon the "*parley-woos*," from the hands of a disciple of that non-descript animal, a "marine store-keeper," whose profession was betrayed, from under his Sunday suit, by his smutty and iron-rusted nose, and hands speckled with putty and green vitriol.

The elder foreigner, after wiping the froth from his dress, and slightly running his eye over the "felon-field" of heel, dumpling, and squeak, as instantly withdrew his glance, apparently regardless of the roar of laughter from the "free-born Britons." An almost imperceptible elevation of the eye-brows and shoulders, with a solitary "*Mon Dieu!*" concluded his comments, and the expression of his countenance seemed to shew, that pity and commiseration had taken the place of disgust.

Meanwhile the hoy made good and easy progress before a fair wind, in smooth water: while two or three melancholy examples of disastrous musical pretension, were exhibited, at intervals, upon respective instruments; the individuals were refreshed, during the pauses to recruit, with porter and gin by the company.

Here sauntered, humming in responsive melody, foot and hand keeping time to the "measure," in foppish and exotic effeminacy, a member of the cloth-yard "linen and hosier train." Even then we had our dandies.

The specimens of this spidery tribe are now perfect in their imitation of their exclusive aristocratic originals. The fossil rigidity of this India-rubber-belted animal, and its efforts at locomotion, are splendidly amusing; though the thing has lost much of its moral interest, from the "spurious imitations," exhibited as "dressing-blocks," in the doorstead of every tailor, of any pretension, in the metropolis.

Opposite with contemptuous scorn at this fleshless abortion of a rush-light, sat the portly proprietor of an extensive *à-la-mode*-beef shop, fresh from the neighbourhood of Drury. The moral effect produced upon the man of "beef," by the proximity of this "araneous" fop, was ludicrous beyond description, from the torturing effects of his attempt to force into a full expression of hateful disgust, a set of features, whose chaotic assemblage were incapable of exhibiting any defined moral expression at all. His rubicund neighbour and friend, the publican, was clearly of his party. They were plainly and reputably attired. They had adhered to the respectable old English fashion of kerseymere breeches and jockey-boots, long before the locust-like swarms of French and Prussian emigrants, and knights of adventure, had introduced their fashion of sloppy, bulgy, broken-kneed trowsers, judiciously adopted by themselves to hide their calf-less, stocking-less, leg bones.


An interminable catalogue of various professionals were availing themselves of the endless resources for killing time—city clerks, apprentice sprouts, fractional parts of perfumers, wholesale ditto, whose conversation, in noise, rapidity, and infliction, resembled a cannonade of wash-balls. Here were wholesale and retail merchants, and manufacturers of Macassar oils, "genuine" and "un-genuine," "label'd" and "un-label'd;" those who would not be responsible for the fatal effects attending the use of the "spurious imitation," and those who

were so unguarded as not to profess to care a curse for the ultimate unhappy application of their "oils," even if their customers became as bald as a new-tinned saucepan through their use.

Here again, holding the "fluid hair-conservators" in withering contempt, ranged the "lump and retail" inflictors of solid animal fat. Had Prince or Atkinson been there, they would, amongst the less lights, have ranked as the *ursa major* of the tribe.


"Velut inter ignes Luna minores."

How would they have exposed the base and "un-genuine" practice of exhibiting an old, fat, Scotch ram's hind-quarter, duly "fettled," in the window, with the "affiche,"

 A Bear has been killed here to-day!"

Reader, the venerable subject has had his inquest pronounced—"Died from over-driving."—He had been intended, barring this accident, for exhibition in the shambles, as three-year-old wether mutton; a section of him is now transmuted into the quarter of a bear; his remainder is now mincing, or has been minced, in a private pork-butchers:—already is the larger proportion of him converted into pork sausages. This hind-quarter, when it becomes too offensive for the perfumer's window, will follow the rest of the carcase to the sausage shop—its "hire" being duly paid.

Now, on the other hand, the "really genuine" importers and exporters of this hair-compelling trade, exhibit to their customers the "living bear," under that due state of obesity requisite for supplying the "unexampled demand" upon them. In these cases, a splendid index announces,

 "A Bear *will be killed* to-day, at 12 o'clock."

Here are none of your lying participles-past;—in the future there is every thing to hope. Thus the avenues to fraud and "un-genuineness" are completely guarded. No customer of common sense can hesitate a moment in the choice of his tradesman.

Looking forward, in the group we distinguish a host, composed of lawyers, potatoe and cabbage-merchants, tinkers, fixed and locomotive, dentists and farriers, debiteurs of those inviting luxuries, Indian-rock, bull's-eyes, and hard-bake; retailers and detailers of blacking and poetry, from the Parnassus-sprung "Warren," to the humbler penny-paste-peripatetic.

Again, we have "Italian oil sellers," and Italian image sellers, green-grocers, and brown-grocers, master tailors and drapers "inclusive," master tailors "exclusive;" with infinite gradations of this latter profession, down to the stepping-stone, the apprentice, or assistant youth of the "Mendin dun neetly hear."

There is a faint and "goosy" smell elaborated from the exhalents of this gradus of the craft, which I consider strictly pathognomic of their calling. Not so easily describable is the aristocratic master tailor, or (many pardons for the ignorance of my expression) the army-clothiers: he of the cab and blood-horse, liveried groom, and ultra-fashioned investment—he, the classical rival in scientific knowledge of the graduates in the learned professions:—he who has indignantly kicked down the fanciful and feeble fence, which erst separated the sciences of human

anatomy, physiology, and even pathology, from that respected theatre of universal science, the tailor's board.

Remember, reader, we are now treating of the theory of the profession, free from all allusion to the humble "acupuncturist."

"Mens agitat molem."

How the soul springs with intoxicating elasticity, at the bare thought of such towering ambition in the profession!—Heaven forefend that any modern Brutus should attempt to sink the planetary splendour of its members, in premature assassination. Long had the trenchant "shears" of the profession cut deeply into mathematics and geometry, as was evinced by the delicate graduation of the "measuring tape," the laboured formula for readily ascertaining angular calculations:—the special application of spherical trigonometry was impressively indicated,—a knowledge of the sine, co-sine, tangent periphery, and cylindrical accuracy, were glaringly indispensable. As decidedly was a sufficient knowledge of botany peremptorily called for, as applied to the fostering culture of that delicate exotic, the "cabbage." Now, however, the art is reaching its climax. An interview, during which an order for a coat or waistcoat used to be given in former days, is now converted into an anatomical lecture:—physiological discussions are necessarily entered into, to account for this or that variety of structure or shape. In fact, the "tailor is now abroad;" therefore the "schoolmaster" may go home as soon as he pleases.

The captain of the vessel, the steersman, the steward, and the working department, were inundated with questions, remarks, and rejoinders, varying, in intensity of interest, according with the profundity and acquirements of each party, in philosophy, mechanism, meteorology, and even in the ornithology of the ocean.

Practical efforts were making, by here and there a cockney hero of the "gut and horse-hair," to catch mackarel or whiting, with hooks baited with lob-worms, or maggots of Islington nativity. The finny tribe of the ocean, however, did not seem to appreciate, or perhaps were not competent judges of Islington dainties. On the fore-castle was to be seen and heard a notorious terrifier of yellow-hammers and tom-tits, exhibiting a real Brummagem "Manton gun," which was incessantly discharged, to the indisputable benefit of the gunpowder companies, the crying nuisance of the passengers, and the quiet contempt of the loitering sea-gull. Apart was to be seen a sallow, unshaven bird-catcher, in a frousy shooting-jacket, smelling strongly of German-paste and dung-hill worms. He was occupied in feeding, and whistling to, some score or two of well *painted*, docked and cropped sparrows. More ingenious than the metropolitan wine-merchant, who requires 'two' qualities of the Cape and Teneriffe grape, with which he is enabled to meet the demands of his customers, for wines of any flavour, or age, of any vintage, in any clime; this humble artist simply demands a solitary but adequate supply of the common sparrow, to produce the most brilliant variety of European songsters. They are always warranted, and offered to be taken in exchange, if they do not sing. What can be possibly fairer than this?

Notwithstanding the usual gastric disturbance consequent upon most sailing excursions, even in smooth water, there still assembled at the

cabin-table, to dinner, some twelve or fifteen candidates for physical refreshment. Two boiled legs of mutton, roast breast of veal, two roast quarters of lamb, two couple of boiled fowls, and one couple of roast, ham and tongues, formed the nautical 'spread.'

As only a single "course" was affected, the above were flanked by cold pigeon-pies, apple-tarts, &c. &c. The entertainment was clearly calculated for more than double the aspirants. Be this as it may; there was one male "customer" at table, whose practical powers of obliteration, made up for any lack of company. He was a tall, gaunt, raw-boned, practical opposer of the doctrine of "gastrotomy"—of course an enemy to all depletion. He appeared to have reached very nearly to fifty years of age, with a nose, which must have had "*a weary time of it*," in progressing over so extended a facial surface as it shaded:—it resembled, in shape, the semi-lunar knife used by the cheesemongers, freely projecting over a mouth, whose cavernous irregularity of expansion brought to mind the geological convulsions of nature. With the wary manœuvring of an adept in such cases, he had taken his position at table, exactly between the quarter of lamb and two boiled fowls, having one of the tongues, within hail, on his right hand. Here, having no dish immediately facing him, he could not, with propriety, be expected to carve for the company. Here, however, fortune baffled his preconceived immunity from labour; for he had scarcely spread his pocket-handkerchief over his knees, when the steward (assuredly a man of poor discriminating powers) lifted an enormous ham over his shoulder, and placing it on table, just before him, regaled him with the prospect of both work and food. To attempt to describe the collapse his countenance underwent at this apparition, would be in vain. His face became ghastly; he fidgeted with his knife and fork; began making his bread into pellets; and the anxious eye, which erst had glanced, in watchful though complacent satisfaction, at the distribution, quantity, and quality of the viands, now sunk before the monstrous task prepared for him. What would our ham-stricken victim not have given for a private interview, in a snug parlour, with the very object of his present horror, attended simply by the two boiled fowls, roast lamb, and pigeon-pie.

At this moment, a gentleman handing his plate, on which reposed the wing of a fowl, electrified our gastronomist by a cool "Sir, I'll thank you for a slice of that ham before you." Our friend actually leaped in his chair. Merciful powers!—the ham, too, was so apparently excellent, that the prospect of his employment was indefinite. The sight, however, of the wing of fowl in the plate of his persecutor, determined him in making an effort to obtain at least some certain provision for himself: he, therefore, whilst still officiating in the ham line, handed his own plate toward the dispenser of fowls, requesting a leg and a wing, which he covered with an extra plate, and placed beside himself. His anticipated terrors regarding the ham were not unfounded: the flavour and excellence induced many, after the demolition of the fowls, to eat ham with the pigeon-pie; and the excitement and disappointment of the carver threatened absolutely to make him physically ill.

A very gentlemanly man at table, seeing the state of things, offered, and did kindly relieve him from farther anxiety, by taking up his task. Our hero now leisurely commenced his attack upon his covered plate,

to which was added two fairish slices of ham. The first stroke of his "engine" proved its terrific mechanical power; and it was chiefly in the extensive range of the "lateral" movement of his lower jaw, that the mechanist could trace the destructive energy of its action. The contents of the first plate were replaced by three ribs of lamb, including the kidney of the loin. With these he decided to eat three slices of tongue, having observed that the "*best cuts*" of this latter were likely to be lost to him, from the great "*run*" upon that dish. He was now evidently regaining his confidence and spirits, and his eye was detached upon a silent reconnoitre of the state of esculents. A cheque at sight was now drawn upon the brisket and ribs of veal, to which he again added two slices of tongue, and one slice of ham, as the tongues began now to cut up very "scanty," and threatened shortly to wane into the state of Mr. Irving's "unknown." Still there was an evident restlessness exhibited by him, as his glance hovered in the direction of the pigeon-pies; but his decision was promptly taken, by asking the attendant steward for a plate, and sending him with a request for a portion of the pies, while he, at the same time, got forward with the demolition of the contents of the plate already before him.

On the return of his messenger with the pigeon-pie, he deliberately covered the plate over beside him, and requested another "small cut of the leg of lamb, near the "pope's eye," with a little of the fat of the loin." Emptying the boat of mint-sauce beside him, and pricking his fork into a huge cauliflower, which he deluged with melted butter, he appeared to enjoy a degree of moral tranquillity hitherto unknown to him. All was now secure; and taking leisurely three successive glasses of sherry, and two tumblers of bottled porter, he gained an opportunity of cursorily looking over the table, to see if he had missed any desirable dish. But no—he had done pretty well—and, after slightly reminding the company, that "courtesy" allowed the "carver" an extra quarter of an hour, he confined his present attention to the apple-tarts, custards, and other parts of the dessert.

I have often mentally reflected, that no being in existence suffers the horrors of "Tantalus" so acutely as the out-manœuvred, embarrassed, and undecided glutton. Ranking gluttony, as I do, among the lowest grades of sensuality, I have felt a sincere satisfaction in witnessing the agonies of a baffled disciple of this class, and in endeavouring to figure to myself the intensity of his disappointment. At a public dinner, the irritation and anxiety, inseparable from calculating the chances of possession of the best "cut" of each dish or joint, while each is hot, must prove a powerful drawback upon the greedy luxuriance of enjoyment. The very race against time, upon these occasions, must of itself be seriously heart-breaking. Neither the eye nor the heart of the "Apicius" is ever at rest while one good dish remains untasted, or unsecured. Each successive plateful is simply a preface to the work, until the last chance is in his power and possession: then, and then only, do his emotions subside into any thing like calm and leisurable fruition.

While I gazed in astonishment upon the elaborate performance of the favoured artist before me, I was curious to know how far nature would accommodate herself to so excessive an ingress of material matter;—my mind dwelt upon the chances of invasion of some rapidly fatal disorder:—apoplexy, paralysis, or suffocation naturally presented themselves to my imagination;—but my meditations were soon dispersed by the loud

swinish snore of the patient, whose chin and face, reposing in the palms of his hands, were supported in an upright posture by his elbows on the table. The monster was fast asleep.

"I say, maester," said a north country grazier, thrusting the brass end of a heavy riding whip against his ribs, "rouse ye mon, ye're rawt-ing at such-un-a rate, ye're fit to flare the woman and bairns out of the vessel."

Something between a gasp and a grunt alone escaped the sleeper.

"Holloa! mon! we mun brod these ribs a bit sharper, fur, my word thou's a rare hide to cover them, as ay guess'd:—folks cant have a bit o' talk, and lizzen each other, whiles ye keep up sic-un-a clattering din with that great rauming nose o' thine. Blame his foul carcase! an' he gangs this gate, we'd as weel ha' been in a mistal, with a lot o' new calven kye."

So saying, my plain dealing neighbour thrust the snorer's hands from under his chin, and allowed his nose to fall plump into the tumbler of porter between his elbows; the cool porter, fractured glass, and concussion and hæmorrhage of his "leading feature," effectually aroused both the sleeper and his ire.

My neighbour and I walked on deck. I now approached a squad of females;—a motley assemblage of every grade of cockneyology, arrayed in all the lustrous insolence of cheap silks, and oyster-shell bonnets,—varying, in flagrant vulgarity of assumption, from the tittering, wide-mouthed, lisping, straw bonnet 'prentice, to the more recognized pretension of the mistress of a 'leg of beef soup house.' I know not whether the observation may have occurred so familiarly to others, but I have uniformly noted that, upon the casual collision, or even premeditated introduction to each other, of females, moving in the atmosphere of life I have alluded to—the first object, to which each individual addresses her attention is, the elaborate survey of the "mise" of her opponent, and of the texture and quality of her apparel:—here then, to me at least, is one un-erring test of the essentially low-bred, vulgar mind. It is not requisite that the ludicrous bend of the head, or body, in salutation, or that the expulsion of slaughtered language from the mouth should confirm the fact of which I speak, it suffices to notice the greedy and repulsive roll of the eye, as it ranges from the head-dress, over the whole toilet, even to the shoes, to stamp the truth.

All the little, narrow, shabby feelings of wooman-hood, are let loose, in magic-lantern, perspective, on these occasions:—all the delicacy, all the amiability, all the brilliant, noble, and endearing qualities of the heart, which render their love and attachment so sacred to our own sex, all are here most cruelly caricatured, and trodden down under the colossal stride of envy, jealousy, and detraction.

As the breeze continued to freshen, the ruffled sea yielded in boisterous submission to its powers: all comfort was now at an end—the hoy pitched and rose again, in the trough of the deep, with concussive and provoking re-iteration;—this execrable change was sickening and heart-lifting even to delirium.

What a sudden metamorphosis in posture of body, but above all in expression of countenance does the company exhibit! Here are features, erst cheerful and blooming, now struck with the pallid torpor of the grave:—here, is the expression of agony and anxiety indiscribable;—there, a corpse—like indifference to every thing around,

and to every thing which can happen. Behold here, a face struggling to smile away the convulsive horror to which its owner is a prey.

This latter is a miserable calico-skinned 'lusus' of Cheapside, who, lately, was insultingly vociferous in jests, and cachinnatory grimaces at the sufferings of both sexes. To two delicate and really respectable females, his conduct was atrociously insulting. Dearly is he now repaid in the scoffs and resonant laughter of the by-standers, for the wanton exhalation of that primitive cold-drawn oil of Cockneyism,—that incassate vulgarity of his 'caste.'

Who again is this prostrate in the 'lee scuppers,'—the inverted action of whose gastric organ has waged eruptive warfare with the by-standers' boots and shoes, and the by-liers' general apparel? It is he who was lately pressing his suit so urgently in the fore part of the vessel, with that simple blooming country girl, who has obtained a few day's holiday from her service, to visit her friends in the neighbourhood of Margate.

It is a fresh importation from the British colonies of Boulogne and Calais, whither he had emigrated to recruit his 'physicals,' after performing due quarantine in Farringdon-street. Should his stars prove still propitious, he will shortly re-colonize to avoid a second quarantine, duly 'exculpated' the pockets of his friends and tradesmen. His appearance, as he now lies, does not, at least justify the suspicion that he is a systematic debauchee; how different is the expression of his features, to what they were half an hour since, when the viper-like treachery of his smile, and language, was exerted, to allure and destroy the innocence of that vain unthinking girl. Those despair-dashed lines of face, now offer a startling antithesis to the former expression of profligate sensuality. 'Que fugit Venus.'

And now Margate Pier came in view, seen distinctly over the 'weather bow':—the breeze still freshened, and though any thing but fair, it was the opinion of the captain that we should 'fetch' the pier in two or three 'tacks.'

New life and energy seemed to be given to the passengers, at the thought and hopes of soon reaching land. Much of ordinary seasickness is to be successfully combated by the exertion of great moral energy, though, in the more aggravated cases, such appeal and exertion are in vain.

However, a great proportion of the company were now seen on their legs, inquiring into the state of their luggage. Bottoms of bottles were swilled off—fragments of 'grub' either munched or thrown overboard, according to the state of stomach of the party,—silk handkerchiefs and travelling caps taken off, and thrust into great coat pockets:—neck-cloths re-adjusted—hats re-sumed—and, not 'Marmion,' but my 'portmanteau!'—'where is my portmanteau?' 'was the cry.' Each person sought his own luggage, with that eager and greedy industry so truly exhibitory of the most deformed and loathsome features of our nature, heedless of the suffering or convenience of those around him.

On these occasions of broad and hateful selfishness, which every one must have noticed on the breaking up of a party on similar excursions, I think the 'Bagman' has the art of illustrating a more cool and revolting insolence, in ascertaining and securing his damnable 'bags' and other branches of his travelling kit, than the members of any other 'equally learned' professions can display

In a short time the vessel was safely moored to the pier :—the arrival of a hoy of passengers used formerly to constitute an event in Margate ; the pier was lined with lookers on. Amid the bustle and confusion of disembarking, our very small aristocratic share of passengers, exhibited no ill-timed or indecent eagerness to fly from the deck :—they remained patiently awaiting the efflux of the bulk of the cargo ; our demy-aristocrats did the same, by imitation ;—and other more remote subdivisions of this species observed a tolerably temperate demeanour. Foremost in the rush, strode two bagmen over the gangway, armed with ponderous great coats, carpet-bags, driving whips, &c.—near the gangway, stood our friend the a' la mode beef 'appreteur', and his neighbour the rosy publican ;—their present occupation was at the same time classical, and 'typical',—they were taking a parting bottle of stout, which the bagmen, in their rude blustering movement, knocked clean out of the hand of the 'beef' man :—it fell, and was broken upon deck. Some hasty remark was instantly made, and replied to ;—brief time was allowed the bagman for 'shift or prayer', for the brawny restaurateur, whose passion-colour'd cheek glowed with a tint, deep as the beet-root of his sallads, lifting a fist and arm broad and sinewy as the 'shins and briskets' which ornament his shop-window, leveled the bag-encumbered sputterer at a blow, and very nearly consigned his bags and himself to the deep ;—this was simply by way of 'parenthesis'—he '*now*' proceeded to argue the point of ill-manners with him.

The remaining bagman indignantly remarked upon the assault—talked about un-gentlemanly conduct : (!) and thence descending to his more natural idiom of gross abuse, exhibited some threat of 'showing fight' :—but, upon a closer inspection of the opposing force, it was evident that the publican was also to be taken into the hostile account, he already began to 'frame for work' (as the Yorkshire grazier observed, who was at the time a near spectator) and, as he was clearly 'none a worster', the Yorkshiremen counseled the bagmen not to 'come on'. The advice did not appear to require much insisting upon, for the 'travellers' beat a retreat, amid the hearty laughter and some hooting from the passengers.

And now all were dispersing, or had dispersed :—no leave-taking, with solitary exceptions, either brief or formal, passed among the company. Each was in possession of, or had stalked off with his own luggage, the dearest object of his attachment ;—each made strait for his 'own' inn, his 'own' home, or his 'own' lodging house :—all and sundry, save a few ministering guardians of that classic Samaritan Club, the "Swell Mob", whose ideas and notions of philanthropy were too 'liberally extended' to admit of their confining their thoughts and 'occupations' solely to the selfish insulation of their own luggage and themselves.

K. K

THE DUKE DE MORTEMART'S ADMINISTRATION !*

WITHIN a few weeks of each other two works have issued from the French press on the subject of the revolution of 1830, the one the production of a determined republican, the other of a devoted Carlist. M. Sarrans, the author of the first, was officially connected with General Lafayette ; M. Alexandre Mazas, to whom we are indebted for the second, had been for two years attached to the household of the Duke de Bourdeaux in the capacity of private secretary, and being also the personal friend of the Baron de Damas, the prince's governor, he was recommended to the Duke de Mortemart, and appointed his secretary when on the 29th of July, 1830, the duke consented, on the urgent solicitation of Charles X., to undertake the hopeless task of restoring his abused authority, and recovering a crown which had apparently passed irrevocably from himself and his dynasty.

The account which the duke gives to his secretary of the circumstances attending his appointment, is thus reported by M. Mazas :—

" I had set out for the waters, and was already, yesterday, (Wednesday,) two hours on my way from Neauphle, on the Paris road, when the paymaster of my company overtook me, and informed me of the events which had taken place in the capital, and that the foot-guards had been ordered to St. Cloud. I took the officer into the carriage with me, and in exchange for my own, procured post-horses at Versailles, but the people, knowing that we belonged to the king's household, assailed us with stones by which my servant was wounded. The officer who accompanied me received a paving-stone on his thigh, and I was struck on the back but was saved by the cloak I wore. A party of the National Guard came in time to relieve me, and escorted me to the barrier. I arrived at St. Cloud about ten o'clock in the evening, and expressed a wish to see the king, that I might tell him of the situation of Versailles, but as he was going to bed, he sent to say that he would receive me early in the morning. During the night I sent my servant to Paris to bring me my uniform, as going to the waters I had none with me. Scarcely had day broke this morning, when a great many people of the court came to urge me to go to the king and impress on him the danger of the situation in which we were placed. The king, perhaps, ill-informed, had refused to believe that there was anything seriously wrong. I went to him a little before six this morning, (Thursday,) informed him of what I had seen at Versailles, and what I knew of the events of Paris, and besought him in the name of his own interest, to take some new measure, for I was persuaded that the throne was seriously compromised. The king took my hand, and pressing it, said :—' You are an honest and loyal servant, I know how to estimate your worth—but you are young—born in the revolution, you see matters according to new ideas, and the slightest uproar surprises you. For my part I have not forgotten how the events took place forty years ago. I am not disposed, like my brother, to get into a cart, *je veux monter à*

* Saint-Cloud, Paris et Cherbourg.—Memoires pour servir à l'histoire de la Revolution de 1830. Publiés par M. Alex. Mazas, Secrétaire du dernier Président du Conseil des Ministres nommé par le Roi Charles X. Mission de M. le Duc de Mortemart, pendant la Semaine de Juillet. Nouveaux détails politiques sur le voyage de Cherbourg. Paris, Octobre, 1832.

cheval. 'I believe, sire,' I replied, 'that the moment is not far distant, when you will be obliged to do so.'—'*Nous verrons, nous verrons,*' the king rejoined as he gave me my leave.

"I rejoined my company and remained constantly with it, sending detachments wherever they were asked for. About three o'clock in the afternoon I received a message from the Prince de Polignac, whom I was greatly surprised to find at St. Cloud, requesting an interview. M. de Polignac informed me that M. de Lemonville, and M. de Vitrolles had come on a conciliatory mission, to announce that the composition of a new ministry, of which M. de Mortemart should be the chief, might lead to an arrangement. The king has, in consequence, decided on naming you the chief of a new cabinet. Have the goodness, I answered, to assure his majesty that I will defend him, at the head of my company, with the last drop of my blood, but that I will not mix myself with politics, and least of all in a matter like this.

"With these words I left him, and without losing an instant took the road to the yellow gate, which is the extremity of the Trocadero. I had been told that the insurgents were about to attack it; a part of my company was already there for its defence, and I was desirous while sharing their danger, to withdraw myself from the solicitations of M. de Polignac. I had not yet reached the Porte Jaime, when I heard myself called by several of the king's valets, who came running after me to intimate to me that his majesty required my instant attendance on his person. I obeyed with a groan. The king was quite changed, not in physiognomy, for he never lost his tranquillity, but in sentiment. 'You were right,' he said, 'the situation is more difficult than I thought it this morning; it is thought that a ministry, of which you should be the chief, might arrange every thing; I have named you.'—'I do not think myself capable, sire,' I replied, 'of fulfilling your wishes; I beseech your majesty to choose some other person.'

"The king did not accept my refusal: I insisted for a quarter of an hour. He then drew a paper from his pocket, and said, 'Here is your nomination counter-signed by M. de Chautelaube; from this moment you are minister for foreign affairs, and president of the Council.' I refused to take the paper; the king pressed it on me, and approached me to place it in my hand; I drew back several times, until I was touching the tapestry. The king still followed me, and having put me literally to the wall, while I kept my arms pressed against my body, he put the paper into my girdle. I hastily withdrew it, to return it to him. 'You refuse then, sir,' he said 'to save my crown and the heads of my ministers!'—'I cannot resist such language as this, I keep my nomination. But let not your majesty forget what I have now the honour to say to you. If I succeed in re-establishing the royal authority in Paris, it will only be by means of the most painful concessions which necessity has exacted. I shall doubtless be made responsible for all the consequences. If I fail in my negociation, I shall not be less upbraided, and shall be but too happy if I be not called a traitor!' It was thus that I was invested with the dignity of premier, which is generally so much an object of envy and jealousy."

Thus it appears that it was not until late in the day, on Thursday the 29th of July, that the king began to feel that his crown and the heads of his ministers were in danger. He was still confident, however, that all might be saved by recalling the Ordinances, and submitting to the

counsels of such men as Mortemart, Gerard and Casimir Perier. The habitués of the court were more clear sighted than the king. It was early on Wednesday the 28th of July, that M. Mazas, who had been absent on leave, returned from Paris to St. Cloud, in consequence of the momentous events which had taken place in the capital. He offered to his superior, the Baron de Damas, to remain with him, a proposal which was the more readily acceded to, as every one was already disappearing as if by enchantment, and even the menial attendants were not to be found. Something very like anarchy was beginning to prevail. Madame de Damas, for instance, was preparing to set out with her children for La Touraine, but her coachman refused *tout net*, to put the horses to the carriage. About four o'clock on Wednesday afternoon, a rumour was circulated in the palace that envoys had arrived from Paris with overtures of accommodation. The panic which had become general was now calmed for a moment, and was replaced by torrents of abuse against Prince Polignac and his colleagues. "To me," says M. Mazas, "who knew nothing of the prince, it was petrifying. He who saw St. Cloud during these three days, may well be disgusted with courts and courtiers for life."

In spite of the urgency of the case and the extreme value of every instant to the cause of royalty, M. de Mortemart was detained the whole evening at St. Cloud waiting the return of a messenger who had been sent to Paris to ascertain the progress of a previous negotiation. M. Mazas is at great pains to exculpate Charles X. from the charge of indulging in his usual party at whist while the cannon of Marmont was thundering in the streets of Paris. He says, it was remarked by himself and others in the anti-chamber, and in the court below in the course of the evening, that it was easy to see that the king had not the heart to play. He was seen repeatedly at the window and on the balcony of the *salon* where the card tables were laid out, looking anxiously in the direction of the Tuileries, and M. Mazas tells us, that he had occasion in the course of the evening to seat M. de Mortemart, and advanced for this purpose to the threshold of the *salon*, from which he says he could see the whole of the interior.

"In the right corner of the apartment, the Dauphin was engaged in conversation with a general officer who was examining a map. The king was seated at a table with the Duchess de Berri and M. de Duras. The fourth person, a lady I could not recognize, as her back was towards the door. On the subject of this whist party, the Procureur general, during the process against the ministers, reproached Charles X. in terms so solemn and severe, that the historian who writes the monarch's history will be obliged to notice the incident, but if he reflect with some attention, he will speedily be convinced that the reporter attached a degree of importance to the incident which it did not deserve.

"The manners of a court present a grievous uniformity which is so much the more difficult to change, because so many private interests are involved in it. Charles X. did not say; "come now I wish to play, let the card tables be set out." He found every thing prepared, and the first gentleman of the chamber came to him and said: "sire, it is the hour of play, your party is arranged." On Wednesday as on other evenings, the same thing took place, and the king seated himself mechanically at

the card table. When a man arrives at a certain age his habits become invincible."

Such is the apology of M. Mazas. It is to be feared that the historian will pronounce a severer judgment on the monarch who could think of indulging in such frivolous pursuits at the moment when his capital was exposed to carnage, and that the artillery which shook the air in which he breathed, was carrying death and desolation into the families of thousands of his subjects.

It was half past two o'clock on Friday morning before the perverse obstinacy of this unhappy old man on the subject of the ordonnances was finally overcome. At this period, it appears, that the Count d'Argout, M. de Simonville and M. de Vitrolles, were with the king while the Duke de Mortemart and his secretary, were waiting in the apartments of M. de Cossé in another part of the palace. M. M. d'Argout and de Vitrolles came to announce the king's change of purpose, and to desire the duke to go in person to receive his majesty's commands. Before his return the day began to dawn. He came back out of breath, and desired his secretary to set instantly to work in preparing the ordonnances which are given in the appendix to M. Mazas' book. It was decided to be absolutely necessary, that the duke in going to Paris should be provided with the necessary documents under the sign manual of the king. They are six in number; the first recalling the ordonnances of the 25th; the second re-establishing the National Guard of Paris; the third, appointing Marshal Maison to the supreme command; the fourth, appointing Casimir Perier minister of finance; the fifth, General Gerard minister at war; and the sixth, convoking the Chambers for the 3d of August. These new ordonnances were written by M. Mazas and another person to the dictation of M. d'Argout, the present minister of commerce. M. Mazas tells us, that they talked so much while he wrote, that he committed the somewhat ominous blunder of spelling the word session with a c instead of an s. On this, he says, M. de Vitrolles exclaimed in a passion, "*avec ses gros yeux à fleur de tête*;" but sir, you are mistaken, the king as yet has made no cession of his rights. The secretary coincided in the remark of M. de Vitrolles, and hastened to correct his error by substituting a capital s for the unfortunate c.

It was five o'clock before the ordonnances were finished, and nearly seven before they received the king's signature. When M. Mazas came to announce to the Duke de Mortemart that his carriage was in waiting, he found the duke in conversation with the Prince de Polignac, who at parting, made use of the following expression, which he says, are traced on his memory as with a red hot iron:—" *Quel malheur que mon épée se soit brisée dans mes mains! Si j'avais réussi, j'établissai la chartre sur des bases indestructibles.*" M. Mazas expresses his firm conviction in the good faith of the Prince de Polignac, and tells us it is known that the representative form of government was his *monomania*. The author, all Carlist as he is, will surely admit that the Prince de Polignac, if he really counselled the ordonnances of the 25th of July, took an extraordinary mode of evincing his love of the charter and of representative institutions.

The new president of the council and his secretary with the fresh ordonnances carefully pinned up in the pocket of his redingote, the

Count d'Argout and M. Langsdorf, the assistant secretary, made the best of their way to Paris about seven o'clock on Friday morning. They soon found it necessary, however, to leave the duke's carriage and take different sides of the way, the better to escape observation. The picture which is given of the journey is quite characteristic. It is impossible to doubt either the author's devotion to the cause in which he had embarked, or his utter want of that courage and self-possession which are necessary to the humblest partizan in such an enterprise. In passing through the Place de la Revolution, which had been the scene of so many horrors, he pressed his hand to his breast and felt, he says, as if every one could read on his forehead, that he was the bearer of ordinances which bore the hated signature of Charles X. Nothing occurred, however, to interrupt their progress. It was half past eight o'clock, and every door and window in the Rue Royale was closed. "How dreadfully tranquil," said the affrighted secretary. "*C'est le calme de la force*," was the philosophical reply of the Duke de Mortemart. They were proceeding by the Rue des Maturins towards the residence of M. Lafitte, when they met the deputy Berard, the author of the first draft of the charter, who was, of course, known to M. d'Argout, although not to the Duke de Mortemart. On hearing the duke's name, and learning the object of his mission, M. Berard assured them it was then too late, and that his personal safety would be compromised if he attempted to enter the house of M. Lafitte, which was then surrounded by the rabble in an extreme state of excitement. Deterred from his original design, the duke resolved on proceeding to the Luxembourg, where a number of the peers were assembled, and from thence addressing himself in the king's name to the deputies, at the Palais Bourbon, and to the provisional government at the Hotel de Ville. The fruitlessness of these negotiations proved how truly M. Berard had estimated the chances of the duke's success. It was, indeed, too late; but let us rejoice in the interest of humanity, that the obstinacy of the king which made it so, was accompanied on the part of his ministers by such a degree of mismanagement as to make the struggle a short one, and give an easy victory to the cause of freedom.

In several parts of this book of M. Mazas, indications may be found of an attempt to make practical use of the maxims *divide et impera*. The difference of opinion between the deputies and the self-constituted provisional government, is said to have been suggested as affording the means, if adroitly acted upon, of producing such a state of things as to make the acknowledgment of Henry V. a sort of political necessity. The offer of the ministry to Perier and Gerard, in conjunction with the Duke de Mortemart was evidently made on the same principle. And in the course of the journey to Cherbourg when all hope had fled, the poor old king could not deny himself the satisfaction of distinguishing between the commissioners who were charged with the unwelcome task of attending him to the place of embarkation, treating two of them with all the hauteur of royalty, and receiving the third with those smiles of condescension which courtiers and kings know how to value and bestow.

The whole performance, although a volume of some four hundred pages, would probably have been passed over in silence by the liberal press, if it had not contained an attack on the new minister, M. Guizot. Introduced *apropos de rien*, and written in a spirit of virulence to which

there is no parallel in the rest of the work, the fair presumption is, that M. Mazas has suffered his habitual good nature to be imposed upon by some one who has no good will either to M. Guizot or the cause of legitimacy. The new minister of public instruction is charged with the most preposterous adulation of *Monsieur* afterwards Charles X., in a conversation between him and the author during the celebrated sojourn at Ghent. M. Guizot, who, till the revolution of 1830 was considered one of the most liberal men in France, is made to instruct this M. Mazas in the mysteries of prevotal courts and exceptional tribunals; and all this for the purpose of discrediting a ministry which is henceforth to be stigmatized with the nickname of *doctrinaire*. But if the Duke de Broglie and M. Guizot are out of favour with the Carlists because their opinions are the nearest shade to those of pure legitimacy, the policy of the liberals is extremely short-sighted in grasping at the apocryphal anecdote thus palmed on M. Mazas, since its ulterior tendency is to widen the breach between the *doctrinaires* and the Carlists, and to deprive the liberals themselves of that attempt at identification, which with the phrases quasi-legitimacy and semi-restoration, has heretofore succeeded so well with those classes of the community who take their political opinion on credit.

Can it be, that M. Thiers is keeping the house department warm for M. Dupin? and that the honourable and learned deputy for the department of La Nièvre, is unwilling to compromise himself with the present cabinet, until a majority is secured for them and for him, by his election to the presidency of the Chamber?

THE HAWTHORN TREE.

Greenly budding Hawthorn tree,
Gladly do I welcome thee;
Mark each modest looking flow'ret,
That entwines around thy bow'ret.
For altho' the snowy lily,
To the eye may lovely be;
Yet, not e'en the snowy lily,
Hawthorn tree can rival thee.

Sweetly blooming Hawthorn tree,
Who, doth feel no love for thee?
Who that ever chanc'd to meet thee,
Past thee by nor deign'd to greet thee?
For altho' the mossy rosebud
Sweet to view and perfum'd be,
Yet not e'en the mossy rosebud,
Hawthorn tree, can rival thee!

Softly speckled Hawthorn tree,
Human life doth emblem thee;
Pleasures, mortals deem the sweetest,
Ever pass away the fleetest.
Thus the rosebud, thus the lily
Fresh and fair to sight may be,
When decay's relentless fingers,
Hawthorn tree, have blighted thee.

M. G. L.

THINGS THAT HAPPEN EVERY DAY.—No. I.

HANGING and marriage go by destiny. It was Edward Dacre's destiny not to hang, but in escaping the Charybdis of hemp, he fell into the Scylla of matrimony. Men marry for love or money, saith the general rule, but every rule hath its exceptions, and Dacre married for neither. Love he did not feel, gain was out of the question. He wished to be generous, and surrendered his own happiness to ensure that of a woman he pitied, but could not esteem. He was a mere boy, and knew less of the world than a youth bred in Saturn or the Pleiades. Women he believed to be angels; deceit their abhorrence, and truth the idol of their constant thoughts. His mother was purity of mind personified, his sisters artless as before the fall; and he concluded that the rest of the sex differed from them only in name, person, or complexion. Their "yea" he knew to be "yea," their "nay," "nay;" and sooner than dream of falsehood from a female tongue, he would have listened for thunder from a lute, or discord in the spheres. He had the knowledge of good, but half the fruit remained uneaten. The knowledge of evil does not desolate the heart till man bites the pippin to the core.

Foggy November clouded the earth, the mist hung over the brook, the wind came shivering from the north, and blew the withering leaves along the aisle, as Dacre entered the church where his earthly doom was to be sealed for ever. The martyr is ever punctual at the stake; and long ere the priest appeared, Dacre and the partner of his life stood before the altar. He closed his eyes, and leant forward in deep reverie. He thought he stood on a fair eminence, lit with the gay beams of the morning sun. Beneath him spread a gloomy valley, filled with melancholy caves and drooping trees. A river, cold and sluggish, strayed along the vale, and bore upon its bosom a shattered boat. A silent figure sat within the barque, and, sunk in gloomy thought, appeared to wait with patient grief the slowness of the voyage. Far as the eye could reach, the sombre valley seemed to stretch, till distance veiled it from the sight. Dacre shuddered. The huge door of the church banged like thunder, the vision fled—and the curate whisked up to the altar, and muttered the fatal spell.

'Twas done—irrevocably done! Was the bride beautiful, or young, or rich?—of noble birth, or lofty mind, or spotless fame? Alas! how terrible is truth—how eloquent is silence! Swift is the passing of a year over the heads of the young and happy. Summer comes again before they think it cold, and, wandering on the virgin turf, they listen to the birds, whose merry music seems the lingering echo of their last year's song.

But to the dreary and forlorn, how slowly cruel is the lapse of time. Philosophers and moralists may say what they please, a man can break his heart, but he cannot force it to love. Long before the anniversary of his wedding, Edmund Dacre found the bitter truth of this assertion. His heart was formed for love—love, not like the summer's noon, as fierce as quickly passing, but soft and lingering as the twilight hour, dying, yet living—vanishing, yet for ever there. It was that love in which intellect mingles with sentiment—calm, yet generous—chaste, yet glowing as the sunset of an autumn sky. His mind was cultivated

and refined. The vision of romance, which first absorbs our youth, had given place to reflection, and to be good was the secret aspiration of his heart, to merit honest fame the steadfast purpose of his soul. But had he linked himself with a congenial spirit? Did the fervour of his breast awake a kindred feeling in the bosom that he strove to love? Or was his sigh re-echoed by as soft a sigh; his warm embrace returned with equal warmth; his gaze, that would have looked immortal love, with love more deep and infinite returned? He spoke of glory and eternal truth—of deathless fame, the just reward of virtuous toil; but who responded to his earnest voice? or gazed with rapture as he spoke, and, comprehending all, seemed happier than he?

It cannot be denied, the human heart is mercenary. The Jew pours forth his treasure when he expects a good return. Refuse him interest and he seems a beggar poor and pennyless. Give back no recompense to a generous heart, or less than it demands, and then, farewell to all its bounty. Your prodigal becomes a miser. The plea of poverty is vain, you will not give your gold for copper, and affection must receive the metal of the stamp and fineness that she gave. As man is in the market of the busy world, so we find him in the bowers of tenderness and love. Mercury demands his *quid pro quo*, and cupid is as venal every whit.

All the blankets and embraces in the world would never have changed Zenobia into Sappho; as soon might you expect the shivering moon to raise a moisture on your brow, or stamp, like Sol, a burning shade upon your cheek. Dame Nature seems to have two breasts, one whereat the children of chilliness are suckled, and the other whence the children of warmth draw their nourishment. Had Sappho been nursed at the former, she would have economized her favours; and had Zenobia drained the latter, she might have had an emperor for her slave, an empire for her toy. They sleep in silence in their separate graves of water and of earth; their forms again are mingled with the dust. The eye that passion never dimmed is dim for ever, and the heart that loved so madly is at rest, cold as the pebbles in the tranquil deep. But others of the same natures walk along the shores of life. The warmth of Sappho rose above the wave and found a refuge in some living breast; and the coldness of Zenobia was not buried with her corpse, but survived for other hearts. It is but the dust that mingles with the dust and dies; thought and feeling escape from the sinking wreck and into other forms transpose themselves. The coldness of the Eastern queen had fallen to the lot of Dacre's spouse. The thermometer of his heart stood at summer heat even in the shade, but the spirit in his lady's tube could scarcely rise to temperate in the sun.

Passion with passion linked gives boundless joy,
But love to coldness chained is worse than death.

So thought the unfortunate Dacre, and to escape from the insensibility of his Daphne he would gladly have hazarded a voyage across the Stygian pool: but heaven hath set her cannon against self-slaughter, and what he could not fly from he endured.

Nine times, or nearly nine, the moon had filled her yellow horn since Dacre pledged his faith; and nature, ever constant in her course, prepared to bless him with the fruits of wedded life. But from that

event, towards which a happy husband looks with anxious hope, he turned away, and wished it never might arrive.

The heir apparent to a throne, when ushered into the world, is surrounded by an obedient crowd of accoucheurs and nurses. Even when the child of a private gentleman first sees the light, how great is the array of caudle cups and comfortable things that greet his infant vision, and how sweetly do the affectionate cares of a sister or a friend soothe the sufferings of the mother of the babe. Truly it may be said, that affluence and friendship in the hour of nature's sorrow pluck the sting of suffering half away; while niggard poverty and cold neglect, add sharpness to the barbed arrows of that adverse time. Lodged in a miserable room in the suburbs of London, without a friend on earth, save the man who had constrained himself to be her husband, to cheer her drooping spirits as the hour drew nigh, the wife of Dacre must have felt with crushing weight the curse which Eve's transgression called from heaven, "in sorrow thou shalt bring forth children." Dacre did not love—he could not love the being whom he strove to cherish and console. Compassion filled his heart, he commiserated her sufferings, he watched her looks, he hastened to anticipate her wants; yet, he felt, not as one loving, feels when tending his beloved, but as a generous stranger when he strives to soothe a stranger's woe. She leant her head upon his breast, he pressed her forehead with his lips, but pity, cold and distant pity, chilled the pressure; the warmer one of undoubted love was more than he could proffer or bestow.

We pass over the birth—the christening—the burial of the infant—for it died within a few weeks—and come to a separation of the parents. Ill sorted pair! Youthful desire on the one side, necessity on the other, brought them together; mistaken generosity made the casual bond indissoluble; and experience daily added to the sum of their misery.

"Out of sight out of mind," is a proverb of the falsity of which Dacre soon became intensely conscious. A journey of one hundred miles removed him from the object of his aversion, but her shadow still haunted the precincts of his recollection. A hundred days of solitary musing, a hundred rambles through the mountains, or by the lonely sea, a hundred midnights of unsleeping grief, left his spirit worn and dejected, but effaced no record of the past, nor dimmed one lineament of the face remembered with despair.

The veteran mourner knows how to foil the assaults of grief. She talks to him the live-long day—he shuts his ear to her discourse. She plucks him by the skirt—he heeds her not. She follows him where'er he goes:—her frown calls forth a steady smile; her threat extorts, at most, a gentle sigh. She lifts her murderous arm and strikes him to the earth; he falls with patient dignity. A single groan suppressed disturbs the chamber of his heart, and when the agony is past he rises to his feet again, and smiles triumphant through his secret tears. But Dacre was in his noviciate. He was a raw recruit on the battle fields of life and suffering, and knew not how to fight the insidious foe. He saw he had committed a grand blunder—he was the victim of life's most stupendous misfortune; and instead of resolutely thinking of something else, he thought incessantly of that. He felt he was in the toils; but he could not lie down quietly and die.

How incomprehensible are the arrangements of this world! Behold

a herd of graceful deer sipping the morning dew; chequering the forest glades, they steal beneath the long-lived oak. The skulking huntsman comes with deadly aim, and the gayest forester falls lifeless as the turf he lies upon. Why does he perish and the rest survive? What has he done to merit assassination rather than his companions? "And why," exclaimed Dacre, "am I marked out for misery while thousands smile around me? Am I more worthless than they?" He examined his heart, but could detect no malignant feeling there. He reviewed his past life, but his memory was unburdened with the recollection of any crime. One act stood out in bold relief, like a fair promontory stretching far into a troubled sea; and he scrutinized the motives that led to that act. They were mixed, but the better ones appeared to preponderate. He had married from no sordid desire, he had much to lose and nothing to gain, except the pleasure arising from the consciousness of self-sacrifice. He had sacrificed himself, but where was the promised pleasure? He had joined the noble army of martyrs, but he would not enjoy the exquisite hallucination of martyrdom.

Evening threw her shadows over the fragrant earth. The sun of summer shone through the branches of the forest; the leaves trembled in the gentle wind, and the echo of the distant brook tantalized the ear as the breeze rose and died away. The shepherds were busy on the hills folding their sheep, and the rustic maidens singing in the valley, milked the patient mothers of the herd. Groups of happy children gathering garlands in their favourite fields, sauntered slowly homeward as the supper hour approached. The labourer with shouldered shovel, retreating from his toil, met, as he hied along, the urchin crew, and answered to the sacred name of "father." Fair earth seemed sinking to repose, and wooing her children to partake of her rest. At this hour Dacre was wandering through the woods, envying the blitheness of the birds and pondering on his fate, when suddenly a hand, gently laid upon his arm, disturbed his reverie.

"You are not happy," said a voice expressive of all human tenderness.

"Why are you not happy?" inquired a look which the angels hardly wear.

"Can I make you happy?" whispered the earnest expression of a face which seemed the throne of every deep emotion blended.

Pen and ink are incapable of carrying on the dialogue that ensued. The palavering of senators, the wrangling of theologians, or the squabbling of philosophers, may be set down in writing; but the dream of heart unto heart uttering speech, and soul unto soul showing knowledge, as far transcends the powers of description as the rolling mist, the summer brook, or the fugitive lightning. Dacre told the tale of his misfortunes. Myrrha listened with compassion, and compassion, like the crescent moon, waxed slowly full until it ripened into deep unclouded love. Days passed away, and Dacre and his companion breathed their sighs to the autumn winds, mirrored their smiles in the crystal brooks, and watered the earth with their tears. Their hearts were congenial, their minds fashioned in the same mould, and the current of their thought like twin fountains, flowed together. They were formed to be united. But alas! invisible to eye, impalpable to touch, immoveable, insurmountable, a barrier stretched between them and their hopes. The ocean may be passed, the Andes traversed, the desert left behind; the

fetters of physical restraint may be snapped by the hand of man ; but the seas, the mountains, and the deserts of the moral world defy our power ; and the metaphysical manacles of moral obligation, mock the rebellious efforts of myriads of captive minds. A few words carelessly uttered had interposed a lasting bar ; and the nuptials of a mortal and a virgin of the moon were not more impossible than those of Dacre and Myrrha. Nevertheless, sometimes when gazing upon each other, their spirits mingled in the dream of love, and seemed absorbed in perfect unity ; but ever and anon the maddening thought returned, and swept between their hearts, like a dark river, dividing with its flowing breadth two friendly shores. Why then did they permit their hearts to fall a prey to love ? why were they so weak ?—so wicked ? Go to the moth, he'll answer your question as he flutters round the flame that singes his wings : or, ask the bird that falls a victim to the serpent's gaze : or, the child that gambols on the sands regardless of the circling tide that threatens him with death. They knew not their danger. Love steals over the heart imperceptibly ; like fatigue from the fresh air, we drink it in slowly, till our insidious languor triumphs over our strength.

Let us leap over the gulf of misery (innocent misery) through which Dacre and his beloved passed before they could summon resolution to tear their hearts asunder, and part for ever. They did part—parted as thousands have done—as thousands will do—victims of that undying anguish which springs from the beautiful dream of sympathy, and desolates divided bosoms that have loved too well.

When the human heart has once been attuned to tenderness it can hardly relapse into his former state of indifference. If the deep fountains of affections are broken open, their waters *will* find a channel *here* or *there*. In vain did Dacre lavish the torrent of his love upon the mental image that alternately soothed his spirit and maddened it to despair. Exhaustion followed the quick alternations of imaginary bliss, and real misery ; and subdued in heart and mind he reviewed the past and mused upon the future. He perceived the folly of indulging a hopeless passion, and questioned the wisdom of defying fate by rejecting the woman to whom he was irrevocably united.

Days were spent in deliberation ; nights in the conflict of contending emotions ; and finally, he resolved to force his affections into the channel they had hitherto spurned. He determined to recal his wife. He wrote to her, but sometime elapsed without an answer. A second letter shared the same fate, and Dacre felt, or thought he felt, *anxiety*. A third letter brought no reply ; and flinging himself into a stage he came to town. Could he ever forget the morning of his arrival ! It was mid-winter. Feeble daylight struggling through the smokey canopy, dawned greyly as he rattled over the stones. Before him lay the lengthening line of Oxford-street. On either side, the still closed shutters of the shops, the dying lamps, that scarce survived the vigil of the night, and here and there an early artizan hastening to his toil, announced at once the lingering reign of Nox, the coming empire of the day. Now and then a slipshod wench with trundling mop appeared to cleanse the threshold of her master's door. Benumbed with cold, and desolate, the houseless vagrant on the lordly mansions ample steps, dozed and woke, and dozed again, enduring misery with patient mien. The morning coaches with their prancing nags ; their muffled passengers

and knowing "whips," passed with triumphant vigour outward bound to many a distant province of the land. The draggled watchmen homeward reeled with lightless lanthorns, and in their stead, the Hebrew connoisseur in clothes with hoarse and husky cry, disturbed the dreary silence of the morn. Then cantered by the gaitered grooms on pampered steeds, the favourites of his lordships stud to snuff the freshening morning in the misty park. The coffee woman at her stall dealt out her smoking drink and snow-white bread, and many a hungry son of toil seemed really feasting on the frugal pittance of her board. The hackney-coachmen lingering on the stand, with straw-bands twisted round their hats, eked out their morning sleep beneath a dozen dirty capes, and the jaded steeds with drooping necks, forgot awhile in slumber's ease, the whip, the spavin, and the raw. The coach stopped at the Green Man and Still, or, as the French ingeniously translate it, *L'home vert et tranquille*. A dozen filthy cads offered their services to call a "jarvey," but in mercy to his frozen veins, Dacre resolved to walk to his destination. He reached — street, but as it was yet early, no inmate was stirring, and his repeated knocks were only answered by the echos of the empty street. At length wearied with rapping and ringing, he tried to open the door, and to his surprise it yielded to his hand, and he entered the house. He stole softly up stairs to the room his wife used to occupy: but his heart beat loud, he breathed quick and trembled with prophetic fear. He entered the chamber. The shutters were closed, and a lamp burning by the bed-side cast a glimmering light on a human countenance. The face was dark, darker than a woman's face, and a moment's inspection, served to show that it was the face of a man. Dacre, supposing he had mistaken the room, was on the point of withdrawing, when a sigh recalled his steps. He passed to the opposite side of the bed where the curtain was drawn back, and in the face of the sighing sleeper, he recognized, or thought he recognized, the features of the woman he had espoused. Could he be mistaken? He approached closer. The convulsive shudder of dismay shook his soul, the vigour of existence died within his heart, and tottering with the weight of life, he bent his trembling footsteps from the house.

Years have passed away. The green mind of youth has ripened into manhood, the ineffaceable lines of thought are drawn across the brow, and Edward Dacre is no longer the ardent creature of a buoyant soul. The tears of many nights have dimmed the lustre of his liquid eye; his heart that quivered like the aspen, beats with a measured pace, and his deliberate step and compressed lip, appear the outward signs of subjugated emotion.

ABUSES IN THE PUBLIC HOSPITALS.

WITHOUT minute inquiry no just estimate can be made of the extensive ramifications of the monopolizing, or anti-social system ; without deep reflection no adequate idea can be formed of the baneful influence of this system on the prosperity and happiness of the human race. Every where we find it in operation ; every where we see its injurious results. Happily, however, on the more palpable monopolies and abuses, the press has exerted its all-powerful influence ; hence the public are alive to their mischievous effects on society, and the motto for them must soon be "*fuerunt*."

Yet there is one, the hospital monopoly, which (if life and health be of essential consequence to all) is second in importance to no other, and has received only partial consideration, although for the profligate disregard of the general welfare, for the selfishness and reckless contempt of opinion displayed by those upon whom the obnoxious privileges have been conferred, it is the most remarkable of any ; indeed, so clearly has avarice been the sole spring of action, that it is to be feared the very barefacedness, nay, the positive absurdity of the acts of our medical corporations, and hospital medical officers, may throw an air of improbability over our statements ; but we shall be careful to select only well authenticated facts, from which the reader may draw his own conclusions, but no statements must be rejected merely because they appear disgusting and extraordinary.

An important department of the police of this empire, the power of prohibiting individuals from practising the science of medicine and surgery without previously submitting to an examination as to their qualifications, and being able to acquire a certificate (diploma) of their possessing the requisite knowledge, has been entrusted by law, ostensibly for the benefit of all, to certain corporations, denominated the "Royal College of Physicians,"—"of Surgeons," and "the Society of Apothecaries." Far be it from us to weary the reader, or trouble ourselves with a detailed history of the medical corporations—of the time and circumstances of their origin : such inquiries may be safely left to antiquarians, and to the more curious in the history of chartered nuisances. We purpose to be more practical—to show the injuries resulting from corporations so constituted, to call attention to the execrable spirit in which the privileges thus bestowed have been abused by those entrusted with them, to point out how science has been sacrificed on the shrine of avarice, how the student and junior practitioners are debarred all opportunity of obtaining practical knowledge, by the most monstrous pecuniary exactions, and daring monopolies.

The College of Physicians is perhaps the most contemptible of the medical corporations, although practically it is the least injurious to the public ; it enjoys no power, even nominal, beyond seven miles of the city of London, and within this district the collegians have only the miserable privilege of insulting the scientific physician. To be a "Fellow" (*socius*) of this medical college, it is necessary by their laws to be a graduate of a university where medicine is not taught. Those who have obtained a degree after years of hard study at some celebrated

school, as Edinburgh, Paris, or Dublin, are stigmatized by the name of "Licentiates" (*permissi*), and are shut out from any voice in the management of the affairs of the college, probably out of revenge for the latter bearing off so large a proportion of practice, and of course of fees. The *charter* of the college does not, however, interdict receiving into communion the graduates of any university; it is a mere bye-law, which restricts the privilege to those of Oxford and Cambridge. What can be urged in defence of this invidious and ridiculous regulation? Nothing. Why then is it persevered in? Are "the Fellows" blind to the signs of the times? Is the gift of prophecy required to foretel that the same power which transferred to Manchester and Sheffield, Birmingham and Leeds, the privileges vested in the proprietors of Gaton and Sarum, of Corfe Castle and Callington, will also be exerted to open the gates of the esculapian temple in Pall Mall to all British graduates of unexceptionable character, and of competent knowledge, whether they have studied on the banks of the Cam or the Clyde, on those of the Isis or the Forth.

Turn we now to the consideration of the charter of the College of Surgeons, which indeed is nothing less than a license granted to a few individuals, by which they are enabled to pilfer enormous sums of money from the public with impunity, under the pretence of teaching medical science. Its provisions are so utterly at variance with every principle of right, that it must be entirely done away with before any salutary change can be effected in the government of this college; for although its close nominated and self-electing executive might be exercised with liberality and judgment (which assuredly never yet has been the case), there is no controlling power to compel a continuance of measures so founded. Let us look at the legislative acts of this self-elected and irresponsible Council upon one subject only,—on the regulations of the course of study imposed on candidates for admission as members. This *Council*, having the privilege of prescribing the course of study, nay, the power of dictating when and where it shall be pursued, and of naming the very individuals from whom knowledge must be obtained by candidates for examination, consists of twenty-one individuals, all of whom are teachers of some branch of medical science, four-fifths of them being at the same time hospital-surgeons, and moreover are men of fashion, delighting during the summer months in "cottage ornées," or gay watering-places. These facts must be steadily kept in view, because they explain extraordinary and otherwise unaccountable circumstances.

It is somewhere observed, that "an examination of the laws of a people will show which class has made them. If in the case of high-roads, it be forbidden that a plantation should grow by the hedge-side in a common farm, but the same plantation be permitted in a park to the injury of the road, it is thence clear the park owners have made the law. If privileges are accumulated by any particular set, we may be sure it is this set which has been employed in law-making."

Should we find then in the regulations of the Council of the College of Surgeons, that a course of lectures attended from June to September is rejected, while a similar course from October to January, or from February to May, is received; that knowledge obtained in one place, even although picked up in winter or spring, is deemed worthless, compared with the acquisition of the *same* knowledge in another place; that lec-

tures in the approved place, and in the approved season, to be available, must be delivered by the medical officers of certain hospitals, or by individuals "recognized" by the medical officers of one of these "recognized" hospitals; and that while hospital attendance is enforced, very few are "recognized," or, in other words, certificates of attendance upon which are received as qualifications for examination,—if we find such regulations as these, we cannot fail to entertain a strong suspicion (and it will be a correct one) that the framers of them are surgeons to the "recognized" hospitals, teachers of medical and surgical science, and, moreover, members of the aforesaid Council, but who find it somewhat inconvenient to lecture during a particular part of the year. These regulations, palpably for nothing else than establishing a monopoly in favour of the Council of the College, were issued forth under the hypocritical pretence of promoting "sound chirurgical knowledge."

If any doubt could, however, be entertained as to the odious spirit in which these regulations originated, the execrable manner in which they have been followed out sets the matter at rest. Some of the most distinguished teachers in our own country have been refused "recognition," and at the avowed instigation of the Council. The great time-server, Mr. Canning, declined any interference in behalf (even to a word) of the English medical students who, by monstrous exactions, monopoly of teaching, shut up hospitals, and scarcity of subjects for dissection in their own country, had been driven abroad, especially to Paris, in quest of medical knowledge.

These, and other equally wicked transactions of our medical corporations, have placed them on the bad eminence specially set apart for those men who, having been entrusted with privileges for the benefit of mankind, have prostituted them to their own base and selfish purposes.

The circumstances just now adverted to principally affect the members of the Faculty; at least the public are concerned only in a secondary degree: but we are now about to allude to that by which the latter are chiefly injured, and by which the most intense miseries are inflicted on society.

Can any thing be more shameful, than that a youth, before he can put his foot within the gates of one of the public hospitals, (there are a few exceptions,) must pay these monopolists the sum of 40*l.* or 50*l.* per annum; which nine-tenths of our students being unable to pay, they are consequently driven to Edinburgh, Glasgow, or to the hospitals abroad, to seek that knowledge they are prevented acquiring in their own country; or they start in practice without possessing any practical information, to the destruction of their patients. Thousands of pounds are from this circumstance annually spent in Paris and elsewhere, by English students, where they have free access to the hospitals; a sum, which, if circulated in our own country, would help to support numbers of famishing artisans and their families. One would think this consideration alone would induce some relaxation of this practice; but no, the pecuniary tax levied on our students, for admission to the hospitals, is screwed to the highest pitch with unrelenting rigour, to the great injury of them and the community. To use the words of an able writer, "the system of demanding exorbitant sums of money from students, for admitting them to see the practice of medicine and surgery in the hospitals of the country, is a direct violation of the objects of these public charities, a flagrant perversion of them to private purposes, a

most cruel, iniquitous, and oppressive tax, levied on a most useful and necessary science ; which, by obstructing its progress towards perfection, and by impeding the attainment of the knowledge essential to those who practise it, inflicts an incalculable injury on the community ;" and, he might have added, without in the least benefiting those who levy this obnoxious tax.

The utility and importance to students of hospital attendance is undeniable, and is universally acknowledged. It is in the hospital where theoretical is converted into practical knowledge, the symptoms of diseases only heard of in books or lectures, are here seen ; the art of recognizing these symptoms, of appreciating their relative importance, of connecting them with diseased alterations of the internal organs, and finally, of becoming acquainted with the best and appropriate means of relieving them, can be learned NO WHERE but in a hospital. Wherefore, then, are these institutions closed against our students, by demanding fees which the majority of them are unable to pay ? Mark ! these fees are exacted only at the "recognized" hospitals ; but what then ? A certificate from any other will not be available to a student going for examination.

It has been justly observed, that other branches of medical education may be cultivated at different times, and according to a certain order of succession ; anatomy demanding one period, chemistry a second, *materia medica* a third ; but with hospital attendance it is otherwise. From the commencement, the student ought to witness the progress and effect of sickness, and persevere in the daily observance of disease, during the whole time of his studies. Convinced of this, we denounce the exaction of a penalty of 50*l.* for one year's attendance on a hospital, as an act of the most extraordinary and monstrous injustice, and as a complete prohibition to the acquirement of the most essential part of medical science. What are the consequences ? Inefficient, and (what are still more dangerous) rash and ignorant practitioners.

To this system, operating, as it does, in an extensive manner, must be referred those mistakes in practice which unfortunately so frequently occur, which inflict irreparable injury on the sick, ruin the reputation of individuals, and impair the general character of the profession ; but the loss of credit to the practitioner, and the injury to the patient, are not the only ill effects resulting from unskilful treatment. The latter may be a poor man, having a large family ; he is *now* no longer able to support them by his labour ; he becomes, with them, a burthen to society. This is no imaginary case.

Impressed with a sense of the deep, the vital importance of this part of the subject to the community, we have been led to devote more space to it than we intended. We shall merely further observe, that the governors of our national hospitals are greatly to blame ; they conceive that when their names are enrolled as subscribers, their work is complete, and will yield the expected fruit. Egregious mistake ! If the farmer merely sowed, without cultivating, manuring, and clearing the land, what kind of crop would he have ? Weeds. So the best institutions may be lost, or become baneful to society, from the mere inattention of those who support them. We have time only to glance at one other evil attending the monopolizing system of which we complain. No doubt can exist, but that to it we are indebted for the introduction of "burking." Have we not seen that immense numbers of students

flock to Edinburgh, where this crime was first committed, drawn there not more by its celebrity as a school of physic, than by the free range of the hospitals afforded them, at the trifling charge of 5*l.*, whereas the charge for the like attendance on the recognized hospitals in England is at least ten times that sum? Was not the demand for bodies for dissection rendered so great by this circumstance, that the supply afforded by the *natural* deaths could not keep pace? Hence arose the difficulty of procuring them, and the enormous price given for them was the temptation which Burke and his associates could not withstand. Thus we see the hospital monopoly in England and "burking" are related to each other, as cause and effect. The evil that has been done can only be lamented, but let us learn wisdom from the past.

It may now be inquired, by what method these gross abuses can be remedied? The answer is plain. Nothing will so effectually bring them to light, as a full and complete inquiry, before a committee of the Commons, into the whole system of medical education adopted in these kingdoms. That such an investigation is urgently called for, no one acquainted with the working of the present system can doubt; and that it will be attended with beneficial results, both to the profession and the public, is equally certain.

But here another obstacle presents itself. The faculty is wholly unrepresented in either House of Parliament. Unlike the law, the church, the army and navy, the manufacturing and agricultural interests, each of which have many able advocates, the members of the medical profession are destitute of a single organ in that assembly, through whom they may declare their wants or wishes. If the idea of a medical man attempting to legislate for the law or the church be absurd, not less ridiculous does it appear for a ship-broker or timber-merchant to be meddling in medical legislation. In a word, the interests of the whole profession, the advancement of general science, and the safety of the community, imperiously require *that the members of the medical profession should no longer be unrepresented in the great council of the nation.*

LIVES OF THE POLISH HEROES.—No. II.

THOMAS ZAN.

THOMAS ZAN was born of a noble family in Lithuania, in the palatinate of Nowogrodek, about the year 1791. At an early age he was sent with his four brothers to the Gymnasium of Minsk, which he quitted in 1813, for the schools of the district, at *Molodeczno*. Even at this early period Zan perfectly understood the power of a spirit of association, and he sought to introduce it among his companions. By his exertions a society was formed, the object of which was to keep alive the old Polish patriotism. The students who were members of it, assembled in the most retired part of the country, to sing in choir their national hymns; sometimes feigning a war, they formed themselves into battalions, and by a mimic struggle, preluded more serious combats. Zan was the chief, the soul, of these significative games. It was he, who to deceive surveillance of the masters, conceived the idea of giving to his comrades mythological names, and who first set the example, by assuming that of Apollo.

In 1815, Zan quitted *Molodeczno* to repair to the University of Wilna. The son of parents but scantily blessed with the gifts of fortune, he was reduced to be at the same time, a student in the class, and tutor to a nephew of Kassemir Kontrym, and, subsequently, to the sons of the president John Chodzko. At this new period of his life the ascendancy which the young patriot was destined to exercise over all who approached him, was revealed in a most characteristic manner. The University of Wilna was resorted to by all the youth of Lithuania, Samogitia, White Russia, Wolhynia, Podolia, and the Ukraine. Ancient provinces of Poland, whose children thirsted for union and nationality. Zan felt all the power of such elements, and he sought to connect them by an association.

Having taken a degree of M.A., he acquired an unlimited influence over his class-fellows, and founded a philanthropic society, of which he was unanimously elected the president. He soon felt that he had now to play a part political as well as social, one of amelioration and progression, and he resolved to devote himself to it. A thousand young men, at least, at that period, frequented the university, some rich others poor, some of high others of low birth. To form into one body characters and ranks so dissimilar and unequal, it was necessary to operate by the conviction of a great moral reform, bring together men separated by prejudices, maintain them all on a level of fraternal equality, and, lastly, to rally them round one common centre—the love of country and of letters.

In order to accomplish such noble projects, Zan first considered upon what basis he should found an association that should give no umbrage to the government, he turned first his eyes towards the German universities, but preferring rather to create than to imitate, he founded, in 1820, the society of "The Radiant Brothers," and drew up the statutes of it himself, which were approved of by the rector of the university, Simon Malewski, and by the Bishop Knudziez.

The society prospered, but as is always the case, prosperity begot envy, and drew down upon it the hatred and jealousy of its contem-

poraries. Another association was formed, called the "Anti-Radiant Brothers," which finding no readier arms, made use of those of calumny against Zan and his adepts. They were accused by their adversaries of having outraged religion, in their songs and their writings. The affair was first carried before the Bishop Kundzicz, and reached the ears of the Russian governor-general, Runski Korsakoff, who referred it to the Rector Malewski, the latter forthwith ordered the dissolution of the society.

Being unable to realize his favourite plans openly, Zan pursued them in secret. From the kernel of the society of the Radiant Brothers, he formed the secret association of Philaretos (friends of virtue) it was sub-divided into seven sections, taken from the seven colours of the rain-bow. A committee of twenty members, who exercised over the rest of the society an occult influence and supremacy, took the name of "Committee of Philomates." And organized the society received an immense developement. The study of the Polish language, and of the arts and sciences, formed the basis of the organization of the Philaretos. By means of an assessment, a library was formed for the common use of all the members; and thanks to this assistance, Francis Malewski and Marjan Peasecki were enabled to be sent at the expence of the university into foreign countries, in order to improve themselves, the first in natural law and the second in political economy. Joseph Jezowski opened a course of public lectures on geology; Joseph Kowalewski, gave private lessons in Latin; Fortunatus Zurewecz lectured on zoology. All those who were farthest advanced in the physical, chymical, and mathematical, courses, repeated gratuitously what they had heard. Thus the youth who repaired to Wilna, found in this association moral resources and family ties. A typographical committee was created, in order to reprint the Polish classical authors, and to dispose of them at such a moderate price as should render them popular; it was even, in fact, intended to publish a scientific journal, in which each of the members should have consigned the fruit of his labours and investigations.

But after two years of an active and brilliant existence, the secret society was on the point of being undermined by dilation and calumny. Anthony Wyzivicz, professor of mathematics, denounced its existence to Prince Adam Czartoryski, curator of the university, and passing at that time through Wilna. The prince, partial as he was to the studious and scientific, could not, however, dispense from appointing a committee to ascertain the fact, but he took care to entrust the inquiry to the excellent professor Brianus, who after a short interrogation, declared that there were no grounds for further proceedings. The Philaretos and the Philomates, however, to avoid implicating any one, resolved spontaneously, to dissolve their associations. An extraordinary sitting was held, at which Zan presided, in which all the writings were consigned to the flames, and in which all the members, after having taken leave of each other in the most touching manner, swore never to betray the secret of the society. It was dissolved in the spring of 1822. Thus ceased the cause and pretext for all prosecution. However, an accident, trifling in itself, led to the most fearful consequences. In the month of May, 1832, Michael Plater, a student of the fifth class, of one of the schools of the Gymnasium of Wilna, amused himself with writing on the walls of the school-room, "*The Constitution of the 3d May, 1791,*

for ever !" Nothing more than this mere boy's trick was wanting to kindle the rage of the Russian professor Ivanowitsch Ostroffskoi. He repaired immediately to the Governor Korsokoff, to whom he commented on this affair after his own fashion, and represented it as a regular plot. The Grand Duke, Constantine, informed of the fact, despatched to Wilna the Commissary Novosseltzoff, who made diligent search for the guilty, and found five of them. Five students of the Gymnasium were sent to the army as privates, and young Plater was severely punished.

But this slight rigour exercised towards some students, was but the prelude of a more general system of persecution. In the interval of the holidays, repeated visits were made to the domiciles of the students, till chance, one day, in that of John Jankowski, threw in their way a list of the members who composed, in 1820, the Society of Morality and Literature of the Gymnasium of Sivilocz. This insignificant indication sufficed to give a colouring of necessity to a system of arrests. Jankowski was thrown into prison, and Zan, himself, was consigned to a dungeon on his return from a journey ; he was interrogated, and overwhelmed with questions, but being unable to elicit any thing from him, he was set at liberty. They then returned to Jaunoski, hoping more from his weakness of character : nor were they mistaken, Jankowski revealed the existence of the society of Philaretes, named first Zan, Czeczott, Jezowski, Adam Meckiewicz, so celebrated since by his poetry, who were all incarcerated on the 23d October, 1823 ; then pressed anew, he finally denounced, at random, so many individuals, that in the course of the 1st and 2d of November, almost all the students of the university were arrested, and thrown together in the prisons in the convents, and other public edifices of the city. Mandates were sent off from Wilna to arrest all those who were residing in the province, and Francis Molewski was even arrested at Berlin, on his return to his country from a journey, the object of which had been purely scientific.

All these "detenus," questioned separately, denied the existence of any society. The investigation had already lasted six months without their obtaining any thing ; when Zan, in despair at seeing so many compromised, resolved to take upon himself the entire responsibility, and to sacrifice himself to save his colleagues. In a document which he signed, he declared himself the instigator of the Society of Philaretes, detailed, at length, the origin, the object, and the labours of the institution, and claimed for himself alone the punishment that threatened his comrades. The Russian agents eagerly seized this confession, but they found not judges sufficiently docile to their views to condemn "en masse," a set of young men, whose object and intentions were at once honourable and pure. Several of the prisoners were liberated, but in the mean time they had deceived the Emperor Alexander, and succeeded in making him see, in a society purely literary, a political association. A decree soon arrived at Wilna, which deprived four professors of the university of their chairs, and condemned eleven philomates and nine philaretes.

This decree, dated the 14th September, 1824, declared the accused *guilty* of the crime of having attempted to propagate "the mad spirit of Polish nationality, in the provinces of Russian Poland !" And condemned them to exile in Siberia. Zan was sent to Orenberg, upon the confines

of Russian Asia, and the rest were distributed in the other residences. Besides these victims a host of students, whose names did not figure in the imperial decree, were condemned to serve in the Muscovite army as private soldiers, and several found a grave beneath the walls of Brailow or of Warna, in the campaigns of 1828 and 1829, against Turkey and Persia. The rest were sent back to their families, who were condemned to pay all the expenses incurred by the proceedings against the secret societies.

As to the monsters whose calumnies had proved the ruin of so many innocent youths, the imperial rewards were soon showered down upon them. The principal instigator of the proceedings, Novosseltzoff, was appointed curator in the room of Prince Czartorysk; Venales Pelekar, became rector for life, and Baikoff Augustus Bien, Bolvenko, Larriensvetsch, Schlikoff, were rewarded in proportion to the violence they had displayed against the unfortunate students. But soon, in the absence of human justice, the vengeance of heaven was let loose upon these wretches, Baikoff was a few months afterwards struck with apoplexy. Lavrenovitsch sunk under a dreadful disease. Bien was killed by a thunder-bolt, and Bolvenko escaped death, but after the most horrible sufferings.

To crown their barbarous illegality, Thomas Zan, who by the tenor of the decree of his exile, should by this time be restored to his country and his friends, is still confined in the fortress of Orenberg. The Russians allege, in extenuation, that the name of the young student was mixed up anew in the affair of the patriotic society of Warsaw, and that he was retained in exile as a measure of security.

However it may be, Zan has never again appeared, and certainly the aspect of affairs does not now render it probable that he ever will. But if the news of the Polish revolution has reached his deserts, how would his noble heart beat with joy and hope; how proud to know the glorious part Lithuania has played, for whom he nobly sacrificed himself, the first of all her sons. If some letter or paper relating to the deeds of arms of his countrymen, should have reached him in spite of the vigilance of his keepers, what a balm for the wounds of exile, what a luminous ray in his dreary solitude.

But although absent during the last struggle, Zan was, nevertheless, one of the heroes of the movements of 1830, of which he had ten years before prepared the elements. More than once his memory was invoked during the great crisis; and as in France, where "*the role de appel*," preserved long the name of her first grenadier, Latour d'Auvergne, even after his death; so in the Lithuanian insurrection, when it was asked who was the first soldier, the first patriot of the district, the universal cry of thousands was, Zan!!

JULIUS GRUZEWESKI.

Julius Gruzeweski, the son of James Gruzeweski and of Dorothy Sackem, a native of Courland, was born on the 8th of February, 1808, at Kelmy, a seat belonging to his family, in the district of Rosienia government of Wilna. His father, a protestant himself, brought him up in the reformed religion; prudent, and possessing a well cultivated intellect, he was unwilling to expose his son to the caprices of the brutal Nowoselcoff, who reigned then, over the University of Wilna, with despotic sway; he was fearful lest Muscovite influence should

extinguish in his young mind the old hereditary patriotism of his house, Julius was, therefore, educated under the paternal roof, and gave early proofs of uncommon force of character.

In 1829, James Gruzewski died. Deprived of this excellent mentor, on Julius, as the eldest of the family, devolved the management of his father's affairs, and all the care of his brothers' and sisters' education. Those duties he fulfilled with wisdom and perseverance, his sole ambition appearing to be centered in the happiness of his family; this tranquil state of existence might doubtless have lasted long, if the revolution of the 29th of November had not awakened in the mind of the young patriot other emotions and other desires.

The resuscitation of the nationality of Poland had just taken place in Warsaw, and Lithuania was already agitated with hope and impatience. The noble sister of Poland, she could not abjure her in the hour of danger; faithful to the family compact, she resolved to co-operate with her elder sister or perish with her.

This thought was that of all Lithuania. With that intuitive sagacity which distinguishes the mass, her people imagined that the first act of the dictator, Chlopicki, would be to push forward his heroic battalions on Lithuania. It was, in fact, the only means of safety, the only plan of campaign that could ensure success to a revolution commenced under such brilliant auspices.

Julius Gruzewski, more than any other, reckoned upon this movement. From the first moment he had taken the firm resolution of not remaining inactive during the struggle. Fortune, family, all was in his eyes, subordinate to the interest of his country. He every day made excursions to the neighbouring towns, in the hope of hearing of the arrival of a regular corps of troops, which he would have joined with the numerous recruits raised upon his estates; but during two months his expectations proved fruitless. Chlopicki had allowed the favourable moment to escape him. Relying then, but upon himself Gruzewski scarcely two-and-twenty years of age, conceived the project of seizing the initiative and of precipitating the insurrectionary movement. He conferred with his friend Dobroslaw, Kalinowski, and the two brothers Jyaatius and Zeno Slaniewicz, who were already acting on their side animated with the same views. These noble patriots held, in the course of the month of February, numerous conferences, in which they concerted the plan of a general rising. The enterprise was bold, the obstacles almost insurmountable. To dare so much, required minds cast in a Roman mould; but Gruzewski and his companions shrunk not from the attempt. They were fully sensible how powerfully the Polish cause would be affected by a diversion in the heart of the Russian empire, and upon the rear of her armies; how fatal it would prove to the emperor, could they but cut off his troops from their magazines, interrupt their communications, and deprive them of the contributions and levies, which the imperial ukases required from a country entirely Polish. Convinced of the importance of such a diversion the Lithuanian patriots did not consider the danger or their numerical inferiority.

They first appealed to the most influential persons of the province, but finding that time was lost in hesitation, and sure, moreover, of the spirit of the country and of the active co-operation of her population, exasperated to the highest degree by Russian oppression, they resolved to give to Lithuania a great and patriotic example.

In the nights of the 25th and 26th of March it was resolved that the conspirators should leave their country house, after having rallied round them all the peasantry devoted to follow them, and their friends and servants, armed all of them for the most part with scythes and lances, the plan was to march directly upon Rosienia, the capital of the district, and to carry the town by open force.

The 25th of March, at five in the evening, Julius Gruzeweski was already in motion. He set out from Kelmy with four hundred scythe bearers, fifty cavalry, and one hundred hunters by profession, and took the direction of Rosienia. About mid-way Jynatius Slaniewicz, and Kalinowski, formed a junction with him, and together they attacked the town about an hour after midnight. When this little band burst unexpectedly into the streets, so great was the terror of the Russian garrison, that, though they were numerous and well-armed, they made no attempt to defend themselves, and surrendered as prisoners of war, to a detachment ten times at least their inferior in numbers.

The news of this dashing exploit, executed in a few hours, resounded on every side. The conquerors found in the magazines of Rosienia 2,000 firelocks, and 50,000 roubles in the military chest; they immediately arrested all the Russian employés, and installed a provisional government, composed of Kalinowski, of Julius Gruzeweski, and of Jynatius Slaniewicz. On the same day they addressed a manifesto to Lithuania, in which they appealed to every patriotic heart to second a movement, the commencement of which had been so decisive. In this document they skilfully enumerated the wrongs entailed upon the people by the Moscovite yoke, invoked the old recollections of the Jagellonian dynasty, and tingled in their ears, the magic words of country and independence. This manifesto dispersed, first through the neighbouring districts, and afterwards in the other provinces, stirred up the entire population. In less than ten days the whole of Lithuania was in arms.

However, the patriotic triumvirate had been but three days in possession, when the Russian Colonel Bartolomy, having re-appeared before the town with a force of 1,200 men and four pieces of cannon, the insurgents were obliged to evacuate the town; but eight days subsequently, they retook it by assault, and obliged the enemy to take refuge in Prussia.

Now masters of the whole district, they organized the insurrection in concert with the notables of the country, and placed at its head a man whose influence was all powerful, and invested him with a dictatorship, which was to cease when the crisis had passed. This man was Ezechieł Staneiwick, who justified the choice of his fellow-citizens, and who shewed himself equal to his perilous undertaking.

From the day of his installment in office, Julius Gruzeweski and Kalinowski resigned their provisional functions. Henceforwards but the leaders of detachments, under the orders of him whom they had raised to power, their condition was confined to courting the post of danger, and the most perilous enterprizes. Julius Gruzeweski performed prodigies at the head of one hundred horsemen, raised and equipped at his own expence. In order to meet such an outlay he disposed in Prussia of a rich numismatic collection, which, at great cost and labour, had been collected by his ancestors.

The Otho's, the Cæsar's, the *Titues* of the cabinet of Kelmy, were

exchanged for gunpowder and other munitions of war. At the head of his little band, kept on foot by his own resources, Julius, in several rencontres, signalized his chivalric courage. He surprised and cut to pieces several of the enemies detachments that infested the country, and obtained a high reputation in this guerrilla warfare.

At a later period, when Gliegud made his appearance in Luthania, with a detached corps of the Polish army, Julius was one of the first to join him, and was immediately detached "en observation," in the direction of Zeltze. Always actively employed during the course of this fatal campaign, he rejoined, at Mankunny, the Polish corps that was retreating after their unsuccessful attempt upon Wilna. It was he, who in order to cover the retreat, executed a brilliant charge against a Circassian battalion that continually harassed their rear. After this useless effort he retired with Gliegud into Prussia.

Since this period, evil and persecution have pressed heavily upon this young and heroic Lithuanian. And yet how happy was his existence—in the bosom of a family that adored him—surrounded with all the enjoyments of this world—nursed in all the illusions of age, and yet new to her pleasures. When such a brilliant career was open to him, he sacrificed all, life, fortune, tranquillity, all were laid at the feet of his heroic country.

And now that in his retirement in France, Julius Gruzeweski can cast a look back upon the past, and compare his present with his former condition; we must not suppose that the young Spartan regrets the "felix otium" of Kelmy, his farms, his peasantry, all, in fact, that he has left in Lithuania.—No! his family may sometimes claim a sigh; but if you question him—"I have fulfilled a duty," will he answer, "and if I had it again to do, my conduct would be the same." Noble devotion to the sacred cause of country, which the diplomacy of Europe is daily endeavouring, but let us hope unavailingly, to extinguish, and which the children of Poland yet preserve in all its primitive freshness and vigour.

THE ST. SIMONIANS, AND THE EGLISE CATHOLIQUE FRANCAISE.

Paris, 15 October, 1832.

THE late prosecution of the St. Simonians, and the condemnation of two of their leaders to a year's imprisonment, have had the effect which might have been expected, of inducing many to visit them, and to inquire into their doctrines, who, but for the interference of the government, would never have given themselves any trouble on such a subject. Shall I confess that I am one of those whose curiosity has thus been awakened? Not knowing the hour of reception at the retreat of Menilmontant, I went the other day, with a friend, at two o'clock in the afternoon, but found the distance from the Barrier des Amandiers, in the neighbourhood of Père la Chaise, more considerable than I had been led to suppose. On our knocking at the *poste cochere* which opens on the principal street in the village or suburb of Menilmontant, we were told in very civil terms, by one of the younger members of the fraternity who opened the door to us, that at that hour the brethren were all engaged at their daily occupations, but that they would be happy to receive us at four o'clock, which was two hours later in the day. The weather was that of an October day, and had all the chilliness of the vintage about it. Perhaps for the first time since their assumption of a distinguishing costume, it was found to be little suited to protect the wearers against the severity of a Parisian winter, of which we had that day some premonitory symptoms. Their style of dress has evidently been contrived for the purpose of exhibiting the human form to the best advantage, consistently with that activity and exertion which is prescribed to the new sect as a duty, and as a subject of emulation among its members. The coat, or tunic, is of dark blue cloth, not longer than an ordinary shooting-jacket, but meeting in the front in the form of a round frock-coat. A broad leather belt is worn as a girdle, above which the tunic is tight to the shape, but below it hangs in loose folds about the person. From the collar-bone upwards the neck is bare. The beard is allowed to grow, but not to the inconvenient length of which it is worn by many of the Turks who visit Paris. The head-dress is convenient, but ungraceful, consisting of a velvet cap closely fitted to the head, and without any apparent restriction as to colour. Boots of the ordinary form, and trousers as wide as is consistent with activity, form the lower part of the dress. Each member is provided with a sort of narrow shawl, which is also varied in colour; not, however, at the option of the wearer, but, as I was told, to distinguish his rank in the hierarchy. This article of dress was formerly worn as a scarf over the left shoulder, crossing the person diagonally; but the approach of cold weather, and the previous habit of wearing the throat muffled up in a shirt-collar and neckcloth, had suggested the scarf to some as a protection, while others made use of a silk handkerchief, in a way which did not match very well with the bulkiness of the beard and the collarless tunic.

On our first appearance, we had but a hasty peep into the fore-court of the mansion, something between a Parisian hotel and a provincial château, which is said to have been inherited by *Enfantin*, the chief,

from his father ; but whether it be free from mortgage, or whether the family be *bourgeois* or *gentilhomme*, I have not been informed.

The two hours we had to spare were occupied in visiting the fortifications of Belleville, which are in the immediate neighbourhood of Menilmontant, and which form part of the lines of defence, which, during the last two years, have been forming on this side of Paris, including St. Denis, Montmartre, and the castle of Vincennes, and extending from the bridge of Neuilly to a point on the river above Paris, near the junction of the Maine with the Seine. This side of the city is certainly most capable of defence ; and it is probably because the attack which it sustained in the month of March, 1814, was made in this direction, that the labours of the engineer have hitherto been confined to the right bank of the river. In modern warfare, however, a stream like the Seine is easily crossed by means of the pontoons with which every army is provided, as a part of its baggage. The numerous windings of the Seine would facilitate this operation, by concealing the precise point at which it was to be effected ; so that an invading army would reach the defenceless side of the capital only a day or two later than the north side, which is already bristling with fortifications. Within these eight days there were at least four hundred men employed in forming covered ways, and throwing up embankments at the single point of Belleville, immediately under the station of the telegraph.

On our return to Menilmontant, rather before the hour appointed, we found no difficulty in obtaining admittance. Beyond the given point of the house, a considerable space has been laid out in the form of an amphitheatre, as if to enable the apostles of the new religion to address a very numerous audience. For some time, however, they have been closely observed by the police, who, on Sunday and Monday, the two days of the week when the gardens would be most frequented, have latterly interdicted the entrance to all but the habitual occupants of the mansion. The friend who was with me inquired, after we had got into the garden, for a young man of a respectable family at Nantes, who had lately joined the association, bringing with him a fortune of 250,000 francs. The answer to the inquiry was, "*Dans un moment, monsieur, il est à son service ;*" leaving us to conjecture the nature of his employment. The sky was clear, although the day was cold ; and in various parts of the garden the younger members of the fraternity might be seen walking rapidly up and down, as if to keep themselves in heat ; while those who call themselves the apostles, remained in the terrace near the house, ready to enter into conversation with any one who chose to address them. Without beginning a set speech, I could observe that discussion was distinctly encouraged, and that answers to inquiries were always given in an argumentative form. The great majority of the visitors were attracted, like myself, by mere motives of curiosity ; but there were others who discovered, by the questions they put, that a favourable impression had already been created, and that they would not be unwilling to join the fraternity, should they be thought worthy of admission. Whether these were mere decoy ducks, I cannot tell you ; but it was easy to see, that while a civil answer was given to every inquirer, the apostle would turn round to the quarter whence he felt himself to be hardest pressed, and would prepare to meet the difficulty proposed to him with all the skill he could command.

The group to which I particularly attached myself, was formed round

M. Lambert, who distinguished himself, on the late trial, by the talent with which he defended the chiefs of the sect against the attacks of the crown lawyers. The conversation was begun by common-place inquiries as to the number of residents in the house; whether any female establishment had yet been formed; and how far they had succeeded in making proselytes in France, or in foreign countries. In answer to these questions we were told that, in the house of Menilmontant, there were forty residents, who lived there in a state of celibacy, no female having yet joined the sect, although many professed themselves converts, and even advocated their doctrines in general society. Besides the principal one at Menilmontant, there are other subordinate establishments, both in Paris and the provinces, and there are missionaries now at work in England and in Germany, for the purpose of propagating the doctrines of the new faith, but hitherto without much success in increasing the number of their converts.

It is notorious, that before they separated themselves from society, by the assumption of a distinguishing costume, their efforts were much more directed to political than to religious purposes. The sermons, or *predications*, as they were called in the *Salle Tailbout*, were directed much more distinctly against the form of government, the national guard, and the *bas baronnettes bourgeoises*, than against points of faith or the supremacy of the Catholic religion. This will account to you for the sensitiveness of the government in regard to them, and will throw some light on the subtlety of the chiefs, who, when shut out in one direction, are ready to open a way for themselves in another. Their language is now directed to subjects which do not bear so directly on politics or forms of government, and which are not, therefore, so likely to excite the apprehensions of men in power.

While I stood by M. Lambert, he was questioned rather closely in the Socratic style, by a gentleman about his own age, which approaches to forty, as to the tendency of the new doctrines in relation to forms of government, and their influence on society, in the event of these doctrines being adopted by the majority. These questions were parried by M. Lambert with consummate skill. He would not admit that the new faith led to despotism in government, and denied most strenuously that *Enfantin*, the nominal chief of the society, is endowed with arbitrary power. He told us that the capacities and capabilities of the members are judged of and determined by a series of elections, which, he contended, led in every case to the best practical result. I am inclined to believe in the truth of this statement of M. Lambert, and that *Enfantin* is a mere puppet, set up by himself and others, of the apostolical oligarchy, as the most convenient instrument for executing their decrees. In the course of this conversation, the judgment of the Court of Assize, and its probable effect on the future prospects of the society, was repeatedly alluded to. The answer of M. Lambert was what might have been expected. It would rid them, he said, of the weak and wavering, and would strengthen the resolution of all among them who were worth retaining. It seems, in fact, to be clear, that such prosecutions can do no possible good. Like the proceedings against the newspapers, they but increase the evil they are meant to repress.

The sound of a hunting-horn announced that dinner was about to be served. A few minutes afterwards, the society having assembled in the interior of the mansion, marched round the outside of the building in

procession, and entered a sort of gallery on a level with the garden, the windows of which were overlooked by the terrace to which I have already alluded. On this terrace seats had been laid out for the visitors; and as soon as the procession had entered, the windows were thrown open, discovering a long line of tables on which dinner had been served, and the members of the fraternity standing round a piano, at which one of their number was seated. The visitors were requested to uncover during prayers; on which a sort of chaunt was performed by the whole brotherhood, in honour, apparently, not of God, but of their chief, which served as a substitute for grace. Father Enfantin, as he is called, then led the way to a small table in the middle of the room, which was separated by short intervals, but without being distinguished by any difference of height from the long ranges to the right and left. At this centre table three chairs were placed; that on the left remained unoccupied; the centre one was filled by Enfantin, supported on his right by Michel Chevalier, who was editor of the *Globe*, as long as it was the organ of the St. Simonians. The other seats were occupied, without any apparent distinction of ranks, by the rest of the fraternity, with the exception of such as were doing duty in the kitchen, or were attending the company in the capacity of waiters. Among this last number, the friend who was with me discovered his acquaintance from Nantes, who had lately brought his 250,000 francs into the society. On speaking to him after dinner, he assured us, in a very woe-begone style, that he was quite at his ease, and did not at all regret the step he had taken. It was clear, however, that he did not fully coincide in the judgment which Father Enfantin, or the apostles behind the curtain, had formed of his capacity, and that he would gladly have spared the exhibition which had that day taken place.

The feast was far from being a luxurious one. The whole dinner consisted of two tureens of soup, a large joint of roasted meat, a single dish of dried beans called *haricots*, a basket for a dessert, two bottles of wine among forty people, and bread apparently at discretion. The meat was placed on the centre table, and carved by one of the attendants. The wine was also under the immediate control of Enfantin, who sent the bottles from time to time to chosen individuals; but I was assured by a lady who sat next to me, that, in the course of the dinner, not one had been forgotten. You will judge of their abstinence, however, when I tell you, that, when they rose from table, at least a fourth part of the wine remained in the decanters.

In the selection of candidates for admission into the society, the three great requisites appear to be, the possession of fortune, talents, and good looks. In this last respect, with the exception of our new acquaintance, M. Lambert, and two or three others, the whole fraternity may be distinguished as a set of very fine-looking men. At the late trial, Father Enfantin declared himself to be but five-and-thirty, but he appears to me to be at least ten years older. He looked better, I think, when dressed as a man of the world, and before he allowed his beard to grow, than he does at present. He is considerably above the middle height, and of a figure which will probably degenerate into corpulency. During the dinner he was almost the only individual who seemed to feel that he was under the observation of a considerable body of spectators from without. He cast many a scrutinizing glance towards the terrace, and never seemed to forget that it was his duty to

Assume the god,
Affect to nod,
And seem to shake the spheres.

Two of the brethren stood behind *Enfantin's* chair, as special attendants on their chief, without extending their services to the rest of the company; and during the dinner, several of the members relieved each other at the piano, round which the whole body again assembled, on their rising from table, and performed another chaunt in honour of their chief; after which they walked out as they had entered, in processional order, and marching round the extremity of the building, retired into the interior of the mansion on the opposite side.

Another of the excrescences thrown out on the surface of society, by the revolution of 1830, is the sect which would be considered as the national church, and which, having thrown off all allegiance to the Pope, calls itself the "*Eglise Catholique Francaise*." The *Abbé Chatel*, who may be regarded as the founder of this new reformation, held the office of chaplain to a regiment of the guards of *Charles X.* before the revolution, and seeing, probably, no great prospect of promotion in his original career, he resolved on the more adventurous course in which he is now engaged. On my proposing a visit to the new establishment, my friend, after some hesitation, consented, saying, "*Allons donc! mais vous allez de folie en folie!*"

The temporary building in the *Fauxbourg St. Martin*, where the *Abbé Chatel* preaches, is so crowded on Sundays, that seats cannot be obtained without great inconvenience. He has, in consequence, begun to perform high mass and to preach on Friday morning; and as on those days two francs are charged for admission, by means of tickets, which must be purchased in advance, you are sure to obtain a seat, although you do not go till the hour appointed. On Friday last I am sure there were not less than 1200 persons present, and all of a class attracted more, apparently by a wish to promote the cause of religion, than to gratify an idle curiosity.

As to the *Abbé Chatel* himself, I confess that my opinion of him has considerably changed since his recent assumption, first of the title of Bishop, and afterwards that of Primate of the French Catholic Church. This assumption has produced a division among his flock, part of whom have withdrawn from him, and created independent churches in other parts of the capital. His great talents, however, as a preacher, have secured him the full attendance I have described; but the ambitious views he has discovered, will, probably, in these days of equality, deprive him of the rank he aspires to, of a great reformer of ecclesiastical abuses.

The service was begun by a solemn mass in music, in which the chaunting was decidedly inferior to the instrumental performances. The organ is indifferent, but the band of wind instruments is perhaps one of the best which Paris could produce. The liturgy has evidently been contrived to court popularity. "*Conserves notre liberté! conserve notre gloria!*" are prayers introduced still more frequently than those for the health of the king or the prosperity of the church. They are listened to, however, with an air of reverence and attention, by numbers far exceeding what you are accustomed to see in Paris within the walls of a place of worship.

When the *Abbé* ascends the pulpit, after the conclusion of the mass,

the general aspect of the congregation was materially changed. It was announced beforehand, that the object of the sermon was to demonstrate the absurdity of the power of excommunication assumed by the church of Rome. It was evident from the first, that the audience were accustomed to listen to the preacher with pleasure, but with feelings more allied to those which are excited in a place of amusement, than in a building devoted to the purposes of religion. The Abbé's powers of oratory are of a very high order: he possesses a great command of language, and expresses himself with a degree of irony too bitter to be agreeable, but yet such as to excite the applause, and even the laughter, of the greater part of his congregation.

One of the leading tenets of the new religion, is the utter denial of the infallibility of the Pope, or of bishops assembled in general council. On the subject of temporal power, the new creed declares that the voice of the people is the voice of God, and that there is no divine right but that of the people. A total separation is maintained between spiritual and temporal power, and the obedience of the clergy is prescribed in all cases to the government *de facto*. The only relations admitted between these two species of power, are protection, by the temporal government, to the spiritual authorities; and submission, by the spiritual authorities, in all that relates to their civil duties, but complete independence in spiritual affairs. It is declared, that the temporal authorities have no right to exact any profession of faith; and the present government is blamed for having permitted the French bishops to wait for the sanction of the Pope to pray for his present Majesty, King Louis Philippe. Every marriage is considered valid, which has been performed before the civil magistrate; but the nuptial benediction is considered as a christian duty. The dispensations of the Pope, in favour of marriages within prohibited degrees, is denounced as a vile traffic, and the priests of the new religion are directed to pronounce the nuptial benediction, on the exhibition of evidence that the civil contract has been performed.

It is expressly declared, that the reason of each individual ought to be the fundamental rule of his belief, and that every one should follow his own conviction, although in direct opposition to that of his neighbours. The Bible is admitted in the new church, as the only rule of faith. The canonical books of the Old and New Testament adopted by the primitive church, are admitted as works of inspiration. The seven sacraments of the catholic church are recognized, and the celibacy of the clergy is denounced, as contrary to religion, good morals, and civilization. The whole of the sacraments of the church are administered in the vulgar tongue. Auricular confession is not prescribed to persons of mature age, but is recommended to young persons, preparatory to their first communion. Fast days and abstinence are treated as an absurdity, but the sacrifice of the mass is retained, on condition of its being performed in the vulgar tongue. The veneration of the saints is limited to the offering of thanks to God for the salvation he has granted them. The duty of preaching is prescribed to the clergy, who are forbidden to introduce into their sermons any subjects of a political nature. As I have already hinted, the new faith recognizes the establishment of a hierarchy, of which the Abbé Chatel, with the title of primate, has declared himself the chief, supported by a series of bishops, priests, and deacons.

CRIMPING.

"A la guerra me llera mi necesidad,
Si tuviera dineros no fuera en verdad."—SPANISH ROMANCE.

WERE it possible to penetrate the secret motives that influence the actions of mankind, we might without exaggeration assert, that nine-tenths of those fiery spirits who during the years of 1817 and 1818 left the shores of old England, to fight under the banners of South American Independence, those who at a later period vainly strove to free from the yoke of the haughty Ottoman the classic land of Miltiades, and those who are now proceeding to whiten with their bones the soil of Portugal, in a cause, the true rights of which the major part are as ignorant as the priest-ridden Luzitanians themselves. Nine-tenths of them we repeat, were they asked the motives that induced them to embark in so desperate an enterprise, would reply in the spirit of the Spanish romance which we have quoted as an appropriate rubric to the present paper.

Since the days of that prince of crimps, the renowned General Devareux, who sold commissions to his deluded countrymen that were never confirmed by the Columbian Government, and who it may be recollected boldly assured the corporation of Dublin, that six weeks after his arrival in South America, he would not leave a royalist alive, a boast which he reiterated at Margaretta, in a speech of such portentous length, as to leave some doubts on the minds of the audience, whether the speaker were not rather destined for a preacher than a soldier. Since his day, no event in the political world has afforded so rich a harvest to the crimps as the pending Portuguese struggle; aroused from their long inactivity, their ragged battalions are darkening the face of the land. They swarm in the capital, crowd the out-ports, and overrun the rural district, but their operations have not been solely confined to this country, detached corps have been sent to the continent, and by the exertions of these gentry, did he possess the adequate funds, in spite of foreign enlistment bills, and high-flown protestations of neutrality, Peter the Emperor would soon see himself at the head of a host, as motley in character, and as numerically strong as that which centuries ago, marched upon the Holy Land under his doughty namesake, Peter the Hermit.

As we were one evening, during the last month, whiling away an hour at a coffee-house, our eyes lighted on the following advertisement, in a morning paper—"Any military gentleman possessing a knowledge of mercantile affairs, may hear of a desirable situation abroad, by applying at, &c. &c." This would have been a poser to most country gentlemen, but acquainted, from dear-bought experience with the metaphors of crimps, we immediately saw that it was an offer for foreign service—for we have ourselves trod that thorny path, so fruitful in hard blows—but still to speak tactically, as both our flanks are at the moment "*dans l'air*," we confess that we read not the advertisement without emotion, as holding out an opportunity of advancement. Not that we are of those who are caught by the glitter of an epaulette, or dazzled by the specious glare of a star or cross; our shoulders have long been accustomed to the one, and so prodigally lavished are the

latter, at least in foreign countries, that they have ceased, by honourable men, to be considered as badges of honour; we have seen the day when crosses in bushels have been given by Peter the Emperor, to troops that have ignobly abandoned their field of battle;* and it is even on record that the Legion of honour, in its best days, was once given for a *jeu de mots*.

Napoleon, shortly after his marriage with Marie-Louise, was passing through Belgium, the mayor or prefect of a small village, on his line of route, erected a rustic triumphal arch, bearing as an inscription, the following distich—

“ Ma foi, en epousant la belle Marie-Louise
Napoleon n’a pas fait une sottise.”

Which so pleased the young empress, that she prevailed on her imperial husband to decorate the poetic mayor. These glittering baubles we admit, look well in a ball-room, were they serve as passports to the good graces of the fair; but our dancing days are over, and our views directed to more solid pleasures; neither do we exactly agree with Horace, who in lauding a military life, says,

“ ————— Horæ
Memento cita mors venit, aut victoria læta.”

This may have been all very well in his day, but in our’s there is an awkward “*mezzo termene*,” in the shape of a mutilated leg or arm, which when it comes unaccompanied by pension or half-pay, places a man unblest with the possession of an hereditary sixpence, in a sorry plight. No, like Sir Dugald Dalgetty, we view these matters through the more solid medium of pay and promotion, aye, and of plunder too. We say plunder, and heed not the shrugs of the fastidious; for some of the most distinguished marshals of France, have shewn themselves as accomplished plunderers as skilful tacticians; and, as the lawyers say, what has been once done may be done again,

Though, as we said before, we read not the advertisement in question unmoved, still our feelings, mellowed by time and chastened by experience, no longer lost themselves in the regions of phantasmagoria. Had we been ten years younger, we might have dreamt of a *baton de mareschal*, and have given way to some wild extravagance, such a kicking over the table, knocking down the waiter, or twirling off the wig of an old gentleman at the next table, who to the annoyance of every one in the room, had monopolized the evening paper for more than an hour. But in the present instance, we contented ourselves with ordering another glass of brandy water, and with taking down the address of the crimp, whom we determined on visiting on the following morning.

Although we were early in the field, yet, on reaching the residence of the crimp, we found his ante-chamber already occupied by at least half a dozen candidates for military honours. Two of these gentlemen looked as if they had just been discharged from the Fleet; a third, notwithstanding a pair of spurs of prodigious length, and an attempt to throw into his inanimate countenance a Bobadil air, was evidently a man-milliner; the two others, from their appearance, were only fit for

* The battle of Ituizaingo, where the whole Brazilian army went to the right about, and left three foreign battalions *de se tirer d’affaire*, as they best could. The emperor, ordered a medal to be struck in commemoration thereof.

what they were striving to become, "food for cannon;" but there was one among this group that powerfully attracted my attention. His air and manner would have themselves announced the soldier, had not his fine countenance been strongly marked by the bivouac and a tropical sun, he was bald except on the sides of the head, and there the thin hair was grey, his cheeks rather hollow, and his large and expressive eyes, overshadowed by strongly marked brows. His dress was extremely clean, but—worn out.

When I gazed on him, I felt as if I had already learnt his history, and beheld in him the ruins of a military gentleman, who destitute both of interest and money, was now endeavouring to seek, in foreign service, a subsistence denied to him in our own.

"Lourent dans le camp un soldat honoré,
Ramp aux cour des rois, et languit ignoré."

My heart bled for him as he rose and left the apartment to enter that occupied by the crimp in person.

At length it was my turn to be ushered in. Seated at a table covered with papers and red tape, was the worthy himself; there was nothing remarkable in his appearance, save a coal black eye, which appeared to have the power of reading one's most concealed thoughts; there was evidently an attempt to throw a "tournour militaire" into his appearance; he wore a black stock that reached up to his ears, his coat was close buttoned up to his throat, and a pocket-handkerchief thrust into the breast, in order to pad it out *a la prussienne*, while a dark line upon the upper lip proclaimed an incipient moustachio. Again he assumed the brusquerie of the Sabreur and interlarded his conversation with a few set military phrases; he was decidedly an old hand and up to his business. Brilliant prospects he held out, but it was in vain, and I tried him upon every tack, to elicit whom I was to have the honour of serving. Was it Don Pedro? or, perhaps, his hopeful brother Miguel? the Pacha of Egypt, or the more potent Sultan himself, whose late reverses may have shewn him the necessity of a reinforcement of Tacticoes? or, lastly, was it his serene highness the ex Duke of Brunswick? Nothing could I elicit, beyond the assurance that all my conjectures were widely from the mark. I believe the fellow thought, that so long as the pay was good and regularly paid, I should have enlisted under the banners of old Nick himself.

Piqued as was my curiosity, it was never fated to be gratified, for two days afterwards I received a communication from this personage informing me that all the appointments were filled up—and with this announcement vanished all my hopes.

Can there be a finer commentary on the present social condition of the people of this country, than the facilities which these men find in the execution of their projects. With every walk in life overcrowded, there is no floating at ease on the agitated waters of society; and thus every scheme, however chimerical, every enterprise, however perilous, is sure to find in this country, encouragement and support. This, it must be confessed, is no happy stage of society—no wholesome state of things; yet we have now, more than ever, reason to hope and to look forward.

THE BANK CHARTER.

IN the interval which must elapse before the assembling of the reformed Parliament, there is no subject to which the attention of the nation should be directed with more unceasing vigilance, than the question of the renewal of the Charter of the Bank of England; for upon a judicious reform of our monetary system, more than all other measures, must depend the restoration of prosperity, content, and political tranquillity to the people of England.

We think that it has now become apparent from the extorted confessions of the directors themselves of the Bank of England, that out of this huge and unmanageable monopoly of the trade in money, has arisen the vast mountain of our national debt, and all the panics, vicissitudes, and commercial convulsions, which for the last thirty years have left for the middle orders of this country, no refuge from beggary and the jail, but in emigration to a foreign land; and to our virtuous peasantry, no portion but hunger, the workhouse, and despair. That this condition of things can continue to be tolerated—that twenty-four insignificant and narrow minded men, shall continue under our reformed system of government, to direct in secret the happiness or misery of the twenty-four millions of inhabitants of this great empire is no longer the question, since the destruction of the boroughmongering power, which has been accustomed for a century and a half, to sell at intervals to the usurers of Thread-needle-street, the commercial liberties of the world. Whatever may be said of the evil or the good intentions of the directors of the Bank of England—at least no rational man can now deny, that the enormous weight of the commercial power of the establishment, has produced the most desolating consequences to the commerce of the whole world; and that the cessation of this monopoly, and the consequent subdivision of the capital and power of the Bank of England is indispensable to the future security, tranquillity, and political ascendancy of the British empire. Indeed, it is not to be feared, that in these enlightened days, the directors of the Bank will presume to attempt a full continuation of their power; and it now becomes the question, whether a modified renewal of the Charter be an expedient and practicable measure, or, whether an establishment, hitherto more fatal than pestilence or famine, should be swept at once from the earth.

We propose, then, to prove, in the following remarks, that the entire and final abolition of the Bank of England, is not more required by the principles of commercial liberty and expediency, than by the interests of the shareholders themselves, whose future prospects will be materially altered by the partial curtailment of the profits of the establishment, which is now inevitable, even though the Charter be renewed at all.

We do not, however, profess to convince *the directors* of the expediency of breaking up the establishment, for it has distinctly appeared in evidence, that not one of these men is possessed of one single shilling of Bank stock beyond the mere sum of two thousand pounds, which is required for the qualification of the office. This circumstance has, indeed, been most curiously trumpeted forth by the advocates of the Bank, as an instance of the disinterested spirit of the directors; though it has been proved in the recent disclosure of its affairs, that Bank stock

has for several years been more than 70 per cent above its true market value ; and it is, therefore, a proof of great disinterestedness indeed, that these twenty-four persons, who alone were in the secret of the real value of the stock, should have availed themselves of that knowledge, to refrain from speculation in a ruinous concern beyond the mere trifling sum required for the possession of their own enormous salaries and commercial patronage and power. Considering how many accidents might at any time bring on an exposure of the mysterious system of the management, it seems more proper to pronounce upon the disinterestedness of this affair, that the directors of the Bank of England, are a band of cunning and contriving knaves.

To the mass of the stockholders of the Bank, however, we would say, that though salaries of thousands per annum, and enormous retiring pensions may be very pleasant things to Mr. Horsley Palmer and his co-directors of the Bank of England ; yet it will now become more necessary than heretofore, to consider how this immense annual cost for management is to continue to be paid, under the diminished profits which now may be expected from the cessation of the business of the management of the national debt, with the enormous commissions upon the payments and receipts from the customs, excise, post office, and other departments of the revenue. For in the determination for retrenchment which will be undoubtedly exhibited by the reformed parliament, it is certain that the least expensive process of managing the public revenue will now be resorted to, and we doubt not that the management of the national debt will be accordingly transferred to one or to several of the private banking establishments of London, for the saving by a contract with Coutts and Drummond will probably amount to the sum of two hundred thousands per annum in that department alone. The accounts of the customs, excise, post office, and other departments of the revenue ; will, upon similar principles of economy be transferred to the bankers in the neighbourhood of the various public offices, since, from the incomparably smaller cost of management of a well conducted private establishment, the bankers will be enabled to contract with a reformed parliament upon terms inferior to the costly concern in Threadneedle-street, where the expenses of management amount to the sum of £240,000 per annum.

Allowing then, that the commissioner for the management of the national debt, with the commission upon the payments of the customs, excise, post office, army, navy, and all the other departments of the revenue were taken from the Bank of England, or the commission reduced to the fair contract rate of the private bankers, it is certain that the annual profits of the Bank from its connexion with the revenue, will be thenceforth reduced by the sum of 500,000*l.* per annum. Deprived of this ancient source, from which all the corruption, patronage, and losses of the Bank have been in reality supported, the establishment will thus be reduced to its fair level with the other banking institutions of the kingdom, subsisting by its judicious management of the common business of discounting bills, issuing notes, and the usual routine of the trade in money. Now that, in a fair field of competition with the private bankers, the Bank of England will be unable to maintain its ascendancy, or even to exist under the enormous burthen of its expence for management, is rendered apparent by the results of the establishment of the branch banks, which are proved in evidence to have realized no profit what-

ever, nor even to have defrayed their expences, because unsustained by the enormous and undue profits from the revenue, which alone have supported the monstrous expences of the mother Bank. Indeed, there is reason to suppose that the whole private department of the business of the Bank of England, consisting of discounts and loans, has been conducted at an extraordinary loss. When viewed in conjunction with the losses by forgery, defalcation, and the expense of management, for the dividends have been paid from the profits of the management of the revenue, with the annuity of 600,000*l.* from the government, which is usually called the dead weight, and an addition of late years from the previous accumulation of capital, which amounted in 1819 to several millions, but which has since been most deceitfully applied to the keeping up the dividends, producing thereby that undue market price of the stock of the institution, which, upon the expiration of the charter, will produce a loss of 70*l.* in every 200*l.* to the recent purchasers under this fraudulent and mysterious system. If, therefore, no profit whatever has been hitherto realized from the private sources, to which the operation of reform will undoubtedly confine the future business of the Bank, it is difficult to conjecture whence a dividend upon twenty millions of stock, with a cost for salaries and pensions of 240,000*l.* per annum, and a rent of 60,000*l.*, the estimated interest of the value of the buildings at 1,100,000*l.*, can possibly be defrayed. It is, indeed, too apparent, that the establishment can exist no longer, when deprived of its enormous and unjust profits from the public revenue; and since this change is inevitable under a reformed parliament, there being now no longer a Lord Castlereagh, to give away millions of the public money at his own discretion, it becomes the interest of the shareholders in the Bank of England to reflect upon their future prospects, and to decide upon the prudence of petitioning for a renewal of the charter, unaccompanied by the privileges which alone have rendered it a profitable investment in former years.

It is, indeed, our opinion, that a renewal of the Charter will be a measure most adverse to the interests of the stockholders, under the circumstances and in the manner in which public opinion will alone tolerate the measure, in these enlightened days of retrenchment and reform. Left to themselves, amidst the cost for directors, clerks, pensioners, and rent, with the losses from defalcation, forgeries, and the mismanagement and waste peculiar to all great incorporated bodies, it is probable that no profit whatever, and consequently no dividend would ever result to the shareholders in this huge and corrupt institution. That the directors themselves will accept a renewal of the Charter upon any terms whatever is exceedingly probable, since their enormous salaries would then continue to be paid, whether profit or loss were the portion of the body of proprietors; and the sum of 2000*l.* being the utmost stake which any of the directors possesses in the bank, it would not be material whether a smaller or a larger dividend were derived from such an unimportant sum; or indeed, no dividend at all, would merely occasion to each director a loss of about 80*l.* or 100*l.* per annum, whilst he would derive from the institution a certain and unfailing salary of 1000*l.* per annum. And though the preservation of their own enormous salaries are undoubtedly motives sufficient why the Directors should now move heaven and earth for a renewal of the Charter, it becomes, however, the interest of the general proprietors of stock, who have no

prospect of the loaves and fishes of the management, to reflect upon the greater propriety of winding up the concern, and to secure the remains of their property, before a repetition of another fourteen years of mystery and deceit shall sweep the whole away together. They may rest assured, that days of monopoly are now numbered in this country ; that the future management of the revenue, if retained by the Bank, will be a source of no profit to such an expensive institution ; that the establishment is otherwise very many times too large for a profitable concern ; and that the stock of the Bank of England may be invested more advantageously in the many smaller establishments which will arise upon its ruins.

With regard to the expediency of establishing a National Bank, to be directed by the government, it is certainly some slight reason for the measure, that our monetary concerns are in future to be controlled by the real representatives of the people. During the last century of abuses, such an institution, in the hands of the boroughmongers, would have brought forth more evils even than the Bank of England ; and it is a singularity in their system, that so wide a field was neglected for the creation of patronage and wallowing in the public money. There is now undoubtedly less danger from the mismanagement of such an institution, and if it be found that the management of the national debt, with the accounts of the customs and excise, post-office, and the naval and military departments, can be conducted by government officers at a less expence than a contract can be entered into with the private bankers or the Bank of England, there is then no reason why motives of economy should not induce to the establishment of a National Bank. Indeed, the Treasury itself ought to be the National Bank, and not, as appears from the Report of the Finance Committee, a place supported at an expence of about 40,000*l.* per annum, where boroughmongering gentlemen receive enormous salaries for reading the newspapers for one or two hours in the day, whilst the real business of the revenue is needlessly transacted by commission at the Bank of England. Undoubtedly, then, the expences of the Treasury ought either to be reduced to the very trifling sum recommended as sufficient by the Committee of Finance, or the duties of the department made real and effective, by the true management of the revenue.

This, however, ought to be the limit of the operations of the National Bank, and the proposal to embark in the business of discounts, loans, and the common transactions of the trade in money, can produce only loss, confusion, and a waste of the public treasure. No trading establishment can ever be conducted by the government, so well as by the self-interest of private individuals ; and the trade in money, like the trade in corn, coals, or cloth, should be left to the operations of all subjects in equal competition, and ought not to be engrossed by the overwhelming influence of government. Mismanagement, corrupt patronage, and loss through all the channels of the institution, will be the inevitable result of the establishment of a huge and complicated public bank ; and the subdivision of the twenty millions of the capital of the Bank of England, into twenty private banking houses, with a capital of one million each, and scattered through the various quarters of this metropolis, would produce a thousand times more real and effective assistance to the commerce of the country, than one great accumulation of capital in a single spot, whether under the denomination of the National Bank, the

Bank of England, or the Threadneedle-street Joint Stock Banking Company. Thus the Bank of England is generally inaccessible to the mass of the middling traders of the metropolis, who can seldom be known to men in the condition of directors of such an institution, and its discounts are therefore confined to the great mercantile houses, the aristocracy of the city, wealthy capitalists, to whom banking accommodation is in reality not an indispensable assistance. The establishment of a national bank will still further increase this evil, for it will be managed by men of habits more aristocratical even than the servitors of the Bank of England, and insolvent lords and dukes will be the persons principally favoured in the business of discounts, by directors who will owe their appointments to the patronage of the great. Considering also the dangerous vicissitudes and panics, which have resulted from the too great power of the Bank of England over all the commercial interests of the country, it is certain that the subdivision and dispersion of its vast capital is our only safeguard from a recurrence of the desolating consequences resulting from one all powerful institution, and the establishment of a national bank upon similar principles, will be in reality a substitution of one tyranny for another.

But we entertain small hopes that our advice to divide the business of banking into many hands, and to allow the trade in money to flow into the numberless channels of commercial enterprise, will be adopted in a country where an erroneous admiration of the aristocratical accumulations of capital is engraved upon the hearts of men. We clamour for the establishment of a national bank, but do not discern that great masses of money will be thus buried, and dead to the majority of the people; that the tendency of all national and incorporated bodies is to impoverish the many, and heap up favours on the few; that privileged institutions are a subtraction from the liberty and the rights of individuals; and that to diminish the weight, size, and power of government to its natural purpose of protecting individuals from violence and fraud, should be the true policy of a free and enlightened people. The appointment of judges, constables, and soldiers, is almost all the true and beneficial purpose of human government; and all public trading, or needless interference with trade, is an invasion of the commercial rights of individuals, which the powers were established to protect. The coining of money and the issuing of paper form in reality no part of the original purposes of government, and our whole commercial system, the Board of Trade, the East India Company, the Bank charter, and restrictive duties upon corn, sugar, wines, and innumerable commodities of life, form only one vast and tyrannical usurpation of the rights of individuals in a free community. But we despair of seeing these principles acknowledged, when even our enlightened contemporary of the Westminster Review can maintain such doctrines as the following, which appear in the present number even of that liberal and invaluable work:—"Why does not the government come down with a demand that the country bankers shall cease to rob the community by coining?" and further, says our contemporary, "the function of making money is not a trade, but an exercise of public power." Now we can discern no just reason why the making of money, more than the making of cloth, or shoes, should be a public power, other than as an ancient usurpation, which ought to be abolished. The principal use of a gold coinage in modern times is for facilitating the foreign commerce of the various nations, and we are

not aware that more tea can be procured in China, or more corn in Russia, because the gold and silver which are offered in exchange are marked with the physiognomy of King William the Fourth. The weight and qualities of the coins, and not the pleasure of possessing the picture of King William, are the inducements with the Russians and Chinese; and even at home, we opine that as much cloth or porter could be bought with the same quantity of silver or gold, though marked with the head of Henry Drummond or Thomas Attwood, or without any mark at all, in the shape of bullion, as with the coin of King William the Fourth. When, therefore, we see no advantage in the coin of the realm, over the coin of Henry Drummond, but, on the contrary, the payment of a salary and perquisites amounting to the sum of 12,000*l.* a year to the Master of the mint, and a total expenditure of more than 100,000*l.* a year for the business of striking the picture of King William on our money, we entertain considerable doubts about the expediency and justice of a continuation of this "public power."

But whatever may be advanced upon the ground of ancient usage and settled convenience with regard to the royal prerogative of coining silver and gold money, assuredly the same arguments do not apply to the question of a free and unlimited paper circulation. In the immense and universally diffused and complicated commercial transactions of this great nation, it is not in the power of tyranny and folly to restrain us from the use of paper-money, and indeed the extension of the currency is the gravamen of the present discussions upon our monetary system, the renewal of the Charter of the Bank of England, or the substitution of a National Bank, being in comparison no more than the chaff of this great question. For without an extension of our circulating medium, no prosperity, contentment, or political tranquillity can ever return to the people of this country; and our false legislation upon the subject of banking has brought forth more commercial loss, embarrassment, and ruin, and more misery, malice, and disaffection amongst the masses of our industrious population, than can now be remedied without the demolition of our aristocratical institutions, or perhaps the downfall of the monarchy itself. For thousands and tens of thousands of our people owe their existence to that extension of our commerce which has been founded upon a paper circulation; and the removal of that paper is the lingering death-warrant of one half the population of the British empire. For the bankers are now the supporters of our entire commercial system; whilst the operation of the one pound note restriction act is the virtual destruction of the business of the banker, for transactions in gold and silver afford no profit to the provincial dealers in money, and a small paper circulation is at once the credit of the banker, and his only means for a profitable distribution of his capital; therefore the unjust and tyrannical restrictions upon the bankers in the issuing of a small paper circulation, has contracted almost to nothing the accommodations of the country bankers; and the operation of this most cruel measure has reduced to ruin and the workhouse whole thousands of our industrious manufacturers, merchants, and farmers, and threatens indeed the entire annihilation of the middle classes of this country. Thus a universal derangement of the whole commerce of the world is the result of this ministerial intermeddling with the trade in money; and it is an arrogant assumption of power, that one insignificant man, like Sir Robert Peel, should presume to superintend and regulate the commercial trans-

actions of every individual in this great nation. Upon principles of natural liberty, a banker who shall issue his note for one sovereign, or for one hundred millions of sovereigns, ought to be subject to no restraint other than the voluntary acceptance or refusal of his money by the public, with whom the common principles of self-interest and self-preservation will ever be the best of all restraints upon an undue issue of money ; and a law prohibiting a banker from giving his note for one sovereign to whomsoever will give him credit for that sovereign, is a clear violation of the rights of individuals in a free community. To obtain an extensive circulation of his money, a banker must ever present an appearance of solid property and real responsibility ; for men will not usually accept as value the written promise of any man to pay the sum of one sovereign, without a belief in his ability to redeem that promise, more than to give credit to a tailor or a smith, for woollen cloth or for iron to the value of one sovereign, without belief in the sufficiency of his capital for the payment of the debt. And notwithstanding the clamour against the bankers, they have invariably been found to be the most solvent and substantial of all the traders of the country ; as the panic of 1826 swept away whole thousands of the manufacturers, merchants, and indiscriminate traders, whilst only one banker can be named whose estate has not produced a full dividend of twenty shillings in the pound. It is the existence of the Bank of England which alone has caused the periodical shocks in our monetary system ; for the great mass of capital, and many privileges, accumulated in one great institution, has conferred upon the Directors all power over the commerce of the kingdom, and the world. The abolition of the Bank of England, and the liberation of the trade in money from the shackles with which the blind measures of our government have surrounded it, is therefore the true remedy for the commercial miseries of the nation, the deficiency of money being the sole cause of the ruinous condition of our trade, in a country superabounding in all the elements of plenty and content. The experience of the last few miserable years, in the absence of a paper circulation, proves that paper alone is the medium which can be profitably employed in the commercial transactions of this great nation ; and as money, whether manufactured from silver, or paper, or gold, possesses no natural value, being merely the representative of the commodities of existence, it is clear that the suppression of the one pound note is the suppression of all the conveniencies and luxuries of life, of new coats and kettles, and new houses, furniture and plate, and the suppression of new coats and furniture has brought on a new parliament, and will yet further bring on a new church establishment, a new house of lords, and a new chief magistrate of the state, similar to that of the United States, where men may issue notes and buy coats and kettles where they will. That the Duke of Wellington and his fellow soldiers in the government should have persevered in a measure for the contraction of the currency, and the consequent contraction of the comforts of every man in England, is not remarkable in men who could avow their desire to diminish the population of the island ; but it is a blindness to their fate which can induce their successors in office to persevere in those financial measures through the operation of which the Duke of Wellington and all his host, though sheltered behind a hundred thousand bayonets, at the rising of that population have yet flown like chaff before the wind. Entire destruction will be the inevitable fate of their successors, without

an early extension of the means of existence, for if the doctrine of over-population be persevered in, a tumultuous expulsion of the drones from the national hive will be certain, and the just and natural result. For if an over-population of the island be acknowledged to exist, men will naturally banish the most useless and burthensome portions of the species, and these undoubtedly will be the dukes, and lords, and bishops, the courtiers, pensioners, and placemen, with all the crowds of aristocratical paupers ; the multitudes of whom, both male and female, form a huge portion of this surplus population.

In conclusion, we repeat our conviction of the urgent necessity, in the dismal and awful prospects of the commercial classes of this country, of an early and unlimited extension of the paper circulation, the disuse of which is the great and paramount cause of all our national distress. And whether the Charter of the Bank of England be continued, or a National Bank be substituted for the institution in Threadneedle-street, all measures will be vain and nugatory, if unaccompanied by an increase of the circulating medium, and an unlimited extension of the freedom of the trade in money.

SONG.

THE horn—the horn is sounding nigh,
The huntsmen onwards ride ;
With hawk and hound right cheerily,
To try yon covert's side :
The chase is stayed—but not for me,
It loiters in the dell ;
It tempts not, when away from thee,
Sweet Isabel !

My hunting knife rusts on the wall,
My falcon droops his wing ;
My dogs whine loudly in the hall,
To hear the summons ring.
O'er thicket, flood, and upland lea,
Again its echoes swell ;
It tempts not, when away from thee,
Sweet Isabel !

The time has been, its lightest blast
Had bade me hurry on ;
No foot that to the greenwood past,
With step so free had gone.
The field, as then, is fair to see,
But, though it promise well,
It tempts not—when away from thee,
Sweet Isabel !

G. H.

THE MALEDICTED.

It is truly a fearful thing to look backward through the chequered vista of our by-gone years, and find no green spot whereon the memory can dwell with pleasure—nothing in the glowing dreams of youth which can compensate for the thickly-coming infirmities of age—nothing over which we can linger with a sigh of regret, and exclaim with the gifted poetess of the Passions* “Would ’twere to do again!” If, however, we bear with us an inward monitor, who, ever and anon, erects the solemn finger of reproof, and says, in terms too emphatical to admit of mistake, “The crime was thine—be thine the punishment!” we have no plea of justification to enter upon the record; we must wear the remainder of our days in repentant sadness, and go down in very sorrow to the grave. But if we enter upon the world with a graceful confidence, with a bosom overflowing with love for every human tie, to which the common air, the generous earth, and all the mighty adjuncts of the visible world are but so many holy links, connecting this sphere of existence with another infinitely more exalted; and meet a blight in the very outset of our career, a mark which brands us as the children of an unhappy destiny; then, indeed, may we veil our eyelids in the waters of fruitless regret, and weep with unfeigned sorrow over the barrenness of the past, and the almost hopelessness of the future.

In the days of my early manhood, while the world was but as a shower of sunshine, I had a friend who was as dear to me as name or reputation: and from the first hour of our intercourse, to the gloomy period of its close, Clement Kennedy shewed himself worthy of my idolatrous regard. There are many ordinary ties which link hearts together in happy unison, and I may say, that we added to these every thing which could stimulate or cement reciprocal affection. With a similarity of professions in view, our studies were the same; and we advanced to our respective degrees of attainment like brothers, not competitors; an honour gained by Clement Kennedy would have set painfully on his brow, if not shared by Robert Blandford, and if Robert was ripe for examination on the morrow, he would have declined the opportunity, if Clement might not tread with him the path to distinction. Thus inseparable in our studies, it will not be supposed that we were divided in our sports; as we proceeded hand in hand in the field of mental cultivation, we did not relax our hold when we sought the recreations of civil society.

Clement Kennedy was blessed with a mother and two angelic sisters. It is perhaps well for me that I had neither; but the home of my friend was frequently mine. Mrs. Kennedy was a fine and high-spirited woman, who existed in the welfare of her children. Catharine, her eldest daughter, was deeply impressed with a lofty, and almost chivalrous sense of honour, imbibed, it was said, from her father, who fell a willing sacrifice in the service of his devoted country. Marian, the youngest daughter, was of a timid, gentle nature, and was more beautiful than her sister, at least she always appeared so to me. She had none of the imaginative enthusiasm of the former, but she was full of

* Joanna Baillie.

the gentlest affections, and the tenderest feelings, which could adorn and beautify the female character. I cannot say, at this moment, what she saw in me ; but I saw in her a world of perfection, and I loved her for the sweet and unobtrusive virtues of her character. She was formed, too, for woman's saddest, most domestic offices. I remember when her brother lay delirious in a fever, neither entreaties nor prayers could keep her from his pillow. The lofty enthusiasm of her elder sister vented itself in tears, and passionate exclamations. She wept for him as for one already lost, and her grief grew moody and impatient, instead of being softened into affectionate solicitude. What a contrast, in comparison with the gentle Marian ! While her sister wept in hysterical agony, Marian watched in anxious silence. Perhaps, too, she *did* weep, but it was in the still midnight, when none were near, when very weariness had pressed the eyelids of her suffering charge for a few moments into fellowship. She sought rather to soothe, by an example of chastened endurance, than augment the sorrow of others by the obstreperous lamentations of her own ; and when she saw him restored to health and strength, when he was well nigh overpowered by the boisterous gladness of Catharine, she still maintained the beautiful equanimity of her character. She felt, indeed, irradiated by his manly presence ; but beyond that, her bosom seemed as tranquil as a sheltered lake. Who would not have coveted such a sister ? Who would not have sighed for the surpassing ministrations of such a being, in hours when sadness sat too heavily on the humiliated spirit, or sickness applied its withering power to the exhausted frame ? May I be permitted to avow that I gloried in such perfection—that I loved her with a tenderness almost equal to her own—and, finally, that I was beloved with a deep, but placid devotion, such as might only be manifested by an incomparable being like herself ?

Why do I dwell upon these things with a spirit which almost seems to exult in their contemplation ? Alas ! because I know they are beyond recal. Why does the mourning mother gaze and gaze, again and again, through her streaming tears, on the couch which contains the lifeless form of her dear and only child ? It is to have the fearful certainty more indelibly impressed upon her heart, that she will no more see the warm flush of life on its innocent cheeks, that she will never again behold the brilliance of its sparkling eyes, or hear the murmuring music of its voice, as it sunk in balmy slumber on her bosom. Even in such a spirit do I gaze on the mental vision of Marian Kennedy, and the few short hours of sunshine which her presence shed around me.

At the period to which I now allude, our beloved, but unhappy country, was the arena of civil dissension, and party spirit raged with a vehemence not often exceeded even in that degraded and misgoverned land. It is not for me now to enter into any history of the indignities which were heaped upon wronged and insulted Ireland ; she has had her advocates, proud and triumphant ones. She has had her victims, too ; and it is melancholy to think how similar has been the fate which awaited both ; the most triumphant advocacy was merged in oppression, and the most sinless of her victims overwhelmed in the grave.

My friend and myself did not come into manhood without a share, perhaps a liberal one, of indignant feeling at the miseries which our common country had sustained, and was in all human probability doomed to sustain. It may be pardoned to us that we were sanguine in

examining the schemes by which she was to be lifted from the mire of pollution, and placed in the rank of free and enlightened nations. Yet, may I say it, we were not firebrands in the cause of faction; though anxious to light the flame of liberty on our native altars, we sought not to accomplish it by desecrating the fanes, and trampling on the shrines of others.

It was in this time of strong excitement that a number of my countrymen began to assemble in secret, for the discussion of themes which it was no longer practicable for them to debate upon openly. Societies were formed, and a correspondence entered into, which, for the secrecy with which the former were maintained, and the extent to which the latter was pushed, even in the heart of an agitated country, were perfectly appalling to the minions of misrule, when they became aware of the precipice, on the brink of which they had been pausing. It is almost needless to say that Clement Kennedy and myself were joined to one of these societies, and equally unnecessary to add, that almost from that moment we became marked men.

There was a wretched creature—but I will not stain my paper with his name—nor fling additional reproach upon his memory. This being was entrusted with our secrets; and candour obliges me to confess, that some of them were of a nature which the prudent amongst us deplored. Such, however, as they were, they were confided to his faithless keeping. Month after month rolled heavily along, yet still we seemed to be gaining ground, till at length, as the eastern traveller sees the mimic fountain, we thought we discovered the dawn of restoration gleaming over the desert of tyranny and wrong.

I had spent an afternoon with my friend, in the society of his mother and her daughters. That nameless creature, too, was there, and in despite of reiterated hints to the contrary, he seemed obstinately determined on the introduction of the civil agitations of the time. On this theme, Kennedy and myself had made it a rule to preserve the most profound silence, whilst in the presence of his only remaining parent. With all her goodness, she had a weak point on these topics. She had already experienced some little difficulties with her husband, and she determined not to encounter a repetition of them in the person of her son. She believed that it was quite possible for men to move in their proper sphere of action without mingling their hands in the settlement of grievances, of the origin of which they were guiltless; and, whatever of duplicity may be charged upon the act, we studiously withheld from her the slender share we had in what we deemed our country's destinies. I know the demon *now* which prompted the wretch to act as he did on that occasion, although at the moment I could scarcely refrain from considering him as deranged. He not only persisted in his attempted conversations, but had the fatuity to produce some printed documents which had only been perused in secret. I rose from my chair. "Come, Clement," said I, "our friend"—aye, I said *friend* then—"our friend rebukes us wisely; we have indeed transgressed too far upon the ladies' leisure, and these newspapers will but confirm our ill behaviour."

"Right, right!" said Clement, "fold them up, Mr. —, and we will take a turn in the garden till little Marian tells us tea is ready."

"Gentlemen, IT IS TOO LATE!" said he, with an emphasis absolutely startling. And it was too late! A herculean personage entered the apartment, and formally arrested "Clement Kennedy and Robert Bland-

ford on separate charges of high treason!" We assured the bewildered ladies that the whole had originated in some awkward mistake, which the explanation of a moment would rectify, and departed amid a scene of indescribable confusion and alarm.

We now became aware of the peculiarity—I may say awful peculiarity—of our situation. A mine had sprung beneath us, and where we might alight, when its disastrous whirl subsided, the God above us could alone divine. To add to our inquietude, we were separated; the friends who had been indivisible for years were subjected to the rude severance of a common prison-keeper. Distinct apartments were awarded to us, and we had the further infliction to endure, of knowing that new additions were making hourly to what was triumphantly termed the "new-caught band of petty patriots!"

It becomes me, however, to be just. We were not kept in ignorance. Copies of the charges to be preferred against us were furnished, and time allowed for preparing a defence to that which our unfeeling captors proudly deemed indefensible. For myself, I must candidly confess that I felt the novelty of my situation somewhat oppressive. I knew the extent of my participation too distinctly to flatter myself with the hope of a triumphant verdict; and yet I felt that I had never engaged in the depth of guilt which was about to be publicly charged upon me.

At length every thing was arranged, and the "commission," as it was specially termed, was opened with more than usual gravity.

I had received notice of trial, and on the previous evening I was sitting in the dubious twilight of my apartment, in one of those musing and mournful moods which the mind oftentimes takes refuge in, when it is too much distracted to entertain some distinct principle of thought. I sat in a species of waking dream, pondering over many things, and I beheld the past, and the present, and, with some degree of solicitude, the *future*, all mingled in chaotic indistinctness, and leaving alternate impressions of pain, pleasure, and anxiety,

I am almost willing to believe now, even at this remote hour, that I was that night the subject of spectral and demoniac visitation. It is scarcely possible for me to conceive that the heart of man was capable of such desperate wickedness as was that night revealed to me, or that one being bearing the form of a man, would have dared to have breathed such counsel in the ear of another, who had, at least within his reach, the power of attempted retribution.

The chain fell heavily from the door of my apartment, and the form of that now execrated being entered. I was not prepared for such a visitant, but he saluted me with gaiety. I will not detail what passed between us—'twere vain and profitless. I complained of his intrusion, and taxed him with his perfidy. He laughed aloud at the accusation, and inquired if I knew him? I thought the wretch inebriated, and ordered him to leave me.

"No!" said he, "we must have another scene before we part. Blandford, it is in my power to save you from an ignominious death; it is in my power to confer on you the happiness which you have coveted for years. Nay, do not start, nor look so tiger-like; we are but man to man, and if I *am* worsted, one call of my voice makes all even again. Will you hear me?"

"Go on," said I, scarcely capable of control.

"Clement, his family, and yourself, are now completely in my power."

I ground my teeth in convulsive agony.

"For you I have some regard. There is yet a way for your escape."

"Name it!"

"You must become his accuser—swear to words which I shall utter, and you are safe. I have already the deeds of the family estate in my possession; we'll discard the old fox, take the girls into companionship, and live like princes!"

I rose to crush him out of the shape of humanity, but he eluded my grasp; the door closed with a quick, harsh sound, and I was left alone in darkness, and a tumult of indignation.

It was long before my blood began to flow with its accustomed equanimity—my ears seemed yet to tingle with the tones in which the monstrous propositions had been made to me—to me! a devoted lover and a fast friend of the family! "Gracious Heaven!" I exclaimed, "What is he—or *what am I*? Has my conduct been so very ambiguous as to warrant him in daring to offer me an indignity so degrading? To stoop at once to subornation and seduction—to plunge from the paths of love and honour, to the lair of lust and crime!" It was too shocking for reality—and yet it was real.

The morning came at length, whose evening might see us doomed to a miserable death. I thought Kennedy looked paler than usual, though his grasp, when we joined our hands in salutation, seemed to possess more than its wonted fervour. We talked with cheerfulness of the ordeal we were about to undergo, and fervently prayed for righteous judges of our cause. We knew that some of our compatriots were to be sacrificed, yet we advanced to the tribunal with manly confidence.

The day was considerably spent before we were called upon to plead, and I thought, as I looked upon some of the faces which feeling or curiosity had draw around us, that they seemed already tired of the occupation. The sight of two new victims, however, gave another impulse to them, and they renerved themselves to hear yet more of crime—yet more of terrible retribution. Why should I detail our trial? It was but a simple addition to the already oft-read records of that period of heart-burnings and bloodshed. The witness whose testimony told most bitterly against us, was my Judas visitant of the previous night. I own, when first he stood upon the witness table, I longed to spring from the dock, and perpetrate murder even before the throne of justice; but my reason returned, and I beheld him quit the table with a feeling of mingled pity and abhorrence. I saw that the tide was setting in rapidly against poor Kennedy, and his pale but earnest features seemed to tell a tale scrupulously similar. My implication was not so fiercely emblazoned as his, but the damning clause remained behind—the act of one was the act of all.

The case for the crown was over, and Clement Kennedy was called upon for his defence. This was one of the most interesting moments of my life. He began in a low and uneven tone, to denounce the charge generally; but as he acquired confidence, and his voice began to make a decided impression in the court, he gradually rose into a strain of lofty impassioned eloquence, which arrested every ear, and turned every eye upon him. He painted, in fervent colours, the moral degradation of his unhappy country, and asserted the right of every free-born native of the

soil to wrest her liberties from the grasp of oppression, and place them in immutable security on the sacred altar of freedom. "For my part," said he, "I know not how others may feel, but my dying cry shall be, give my country liberty, or give me a speedy death!" A murmur of approbation appeared to pervade the nearer spectators, but it was speedily hushed in what I considered to be sighs of genuine pity, breathed over misapplied accomplishments.

My defence was brief.

When the jury had heard the comments of the venerable baron on the bench, they retired for consultation, and then came the torment of suspense!—I considered that I had borne myself manfully through that eventful day. I had even spoken words of kindness to my fellow in adversity, when I thought I saw his colour flitting, or his fine countenance relaxing in the firmness of its heroic expression; but in that short space I found myself perfectly unmaned—a thousand indefinable sensations crowded over me, and drove me into imbecility. It was near midnight when the arbiters of fate returned. The candles that here and there lent their reluctant light, threw a feeble glare upon them as they entered slowly, one by one, which made them seem like penal spirits doomed to scourge mankind. I felt myself sinking. I grasped the front of the bar with the fervour of a drowning person. As their names were told over, I literally gasped for breath. The lights quivered before my eyes. A noise as of rapid and mighty waters was rushing in my ears. My tongue was drawn in an agony of thirst to the roof of my mouth, and I seemed to verge upon suffocation, yet sustained by some superior power, which held me back to consciousness. At length, in the dead silence of the court, I heard "Clement Kennedy, GUILTY," and I fell stunned and insensible at his feet.

I felt that cold water had been thrown over me, and that a load as of millions of mountains was passing slowly from my soul. The pains of resuscitation must be dreadful. I have heard of dying agonies—but the throes of returning life are awfully severe. That midnight scene of horror was not well calculated to aid a baffled intellect—I shrieked aloud for Kennedy. The human heart is a wildly unstable and fearful thing; now brave as the spirit of all-enduring hope, and now sunk in weakness and despair. Kennedy had anticipated his fate—he was dying in the arms of the prison keeper!

I learnt that during my fearful trance, he was calm and apparently collected; he heard himself pronounced guilty without emotion. He heard me termed "not guilty" with a faint smile of satisfaction; but, while the awful sentence was being pronounced, he trembled violently—it was then that he was observed to raise his hand to his lips—it was then that he had determined to remove his cause from the unrighteous hands of men, and rush with it to the bar of his creator.

They bore him sadly to his cell, where I determined to render the last services to his remains; but my trial, or rather the effects of it, was not got over; I was seized with malignant fever, and conveyed from the apartment in delirium.

Some weeks elapsed before I was again enabled to mingle in society. Poor Kennedy had been laid in a felons grave, unblest and almost unwept. He was buried at midnight by the attendants of the gaol; his unhappy family not even allowed the information till all was over. I had a farewell letter from him for his mother, but I knew not how to

approach her in its delivery. I was yet weak, and I trembled for the consequences of an interview, at which I knew tears, even of blood, would be shed on either side.

Whilst I thus hesitated betwixt duty to the dead and feelings of regard for the living, I became apprized of a fact which determined me to make the visit at every hazard. From the time of my illness, some secret enemy had been most industrious in undermining my character in the family of the Kennedy's, and so successfully had the tale of fraud been administered, that, by all but *one*, I was believed to have been actually the seducer of young Kennedy into crime, if not wholly his betrayer to punishment? Where was this species of persecution to end? Oh! there is nothing so bitter in all the cup of human calamity, as the lot of a young and generous heart bruised and trampled in the dust of misrepresentation and ingratitude—throbbing in the pride of injured innocence, for rigid investigation, yet becoming more and more inextricably entangled in the meshes of imposture and dissimulation. What are the boasted barriers of innocence to the successful aggression of inordinate villany? With whom was I to plead my cause? The ear that would have listened to me was closed by the cold earth! Was I to be eloquent in the presence of the weeping mother, who already believed me the most abject—the most faithless of mankind? Catherine Kennedy, I knew, would spurn me, and Marian would look at me with her tear-dimmed eyes, and weep yet more with a newly awakened incentive to sorrow.

With a heavy heart I proceeded to the demonstration of my innocence.

The daughters were sitting in deep mourning. On my approach, Catherine rose and left the apartment with every mark of impatient disdain. Marian did not attempt to stir; she neither spoke nor looked. I took her hand in mine; I looked stedfastly upon her pale but beautiful countenance, and pronounced her name in a voice choking with emotion. She fixed upon me a glance which shot like lightning through my frame; she saw I did not flinch, and she seemed about to speak.

"Not to him!—not to that sycophant and seducer must Marian Kennedy ever speak more. No! in this family that task must now be mine alone."

I turned, and beheld the commanding form of my poor friend's mother. She did not leave me a moment for explanation. "Double traitor," she said, "traitor to your country and your friend; what seek you here? I have no more sons, and my poor girls are beyond the pale of your paltry machinations. Begone, sir! Yet, before you go, bear with you the bitterest curse of a bereaved—a broken hearted mother!"

I raised my hand in silent deprecation.

"Wretch!" she said with ungovernable fury, "would you seek to stay the thunder! Oh! may you be doubly cursed by bed and board; in the field or on the hearth; in the hall or in the hovel; on shipboard or on shore. May the mother's curse mix with your dreams and haunt your waking footsteps, till your heart be crushed and withered, like my own! May it cling to you and yours for ever; to wife and child, and every living wretch who shall dare to claim your alliance; and, **SHOULD YOU MISS THE SCAFFOLD**, may it fall with tenfold weight upon your death-bed! Come, my children, kneel down beside your miserable mother! Clement Kennedy, thou art avenged!"

She threw herself with frightful violence upon her knees, and strained

her clasped and uplifted hands. In an instant, the obedient girls complied. I saw my beloved Marian kneeling by her mother—her eyes streaming with tears, and her thin white hands trembling in the air; but whether in an agony of remorse or supplication I knew not. My heart died within me; I turned from the appalling spectacle and fled!

There was not one word of this fearful malediction that did not sink like lead upon my soul. Pale and trembling, I passed through the streets like the spectral perpetrator of some ghastly murder. Men seemed to avoid me as if by an instinct that should say, "come not into collision with the accursed!" I entered my chambers—I turned the key with feverish precipitancy—I threw myself upon my couch, buried my face in my hands, and wept long and bitterly.

When I next came forth among mankind, I was scorned; remonstrance or refutation was of no avail. I was loathed and shunned by all who knew me. I thought my heart would break as I returned once more to the solitude of my chamber, to ascertain if I might devise a mode of relieving my soul from the incubus which dwelt in fiend-like authority over it. I sought relief in books—in silent communings with the master-minds, whose very words have been termed sparks of immortality. I sought to forget the real world in the throned grandeur of the ideal. But the books in which I formerly delighted had lost their charm; or rather, I had lost the relish which made those charms engaging. I saw that books contained but records of oppression and histories of wrongs; huge catalogues of crime, and infamy, and persecution, which made the cheek blush and the heart sick for the share they had in humanity. But, above all, I was constantly reminded—alas! I stood in no need of remembrancers!—of him with whom these books had been perused; and that was enough to turn every enjoyment to the bitterness of gall.

I had risen from my fruitless occupation, and had stepped to the window. The busy world was moving on as if there were neither grief nor duplicity, nor oppression known amongst men. The common labourer bore his burden happily, and the humble artizan held up his head with an air of cheerfulness. But they were unstricken—the shaft had not reached *them*; the iron had not entered their souls. They had not been maligned like me—oh! agony and frenzy—they had not been cursed like me! How unhappy is the heart which even the apparent felicity of others render wretched. I was turning in disgust from the living world, when my attention was arrested by the approach of a funeral. "Ah!" I said, "thou art happy, whoever thou art! The last pang is over; and if even disgrace should attach to thy memory, thou must still remain in deep unconsciousness of the appalling fact." It drew more near—it was the funeral of a female. It came nearer—she must have been beloved—nay adored; the very attendants were in tears—they buried their faces in their handkerchiefs, and their solemn steps and heaving bosoms told that they were not feigning a sorrow which they did not feel.

I was interested. Perhaps she was snatched away in the bloom of beauty and innocence, when life and hope was in her eye, and health and vigour in her step. Perhaps she had lingered till release became a blessing. The procession was suddenly impeded by the approach of some vehicles; and the bearers paused beneath my window—the wind

at that moment blew back the rich velvet pall, and the sun streamed full upon the gilded memorial on the lid. Oh! those rays were basilisks. I read—

MARIAN KENNEDY,

AGED 21.

* * * * *

And they had murdered *her*! Too loving—too faithful girl! She could not—she dared not vindicate her opinion of my innocence, but she could die! Ha! what horrible thought flashed across my brain—the fatal words!—ran they not so? “and every living wretch who shall dare to claim your alliance!” Oh! most unhappy mother—thou hadst spoken words of fire against thy darling child!

It moved away—they bore her from me—the faithful even unto death—and I beheld her no more. Respect and honour be with her beloved name.

The last link was broken that bound me to the world. I would have been content in that moment to have yielded up my spirit and shared the grave of my poor Marian. I had nothing to live for—none to love me—and, *now*, none to love.

My resolution was taken. If I am doomed to live, I said, I will have but one witness of the past. The wilds of the new world are open to me, and in their depths I will seek a shelter. What! if I shared the covert of a savage? have I not lived amongst the civilized?

As soon as the ordinary preparations were completed, I embarked for America. To me, who was utterly ignorant of a maritimal life, the first few days were sufficiently irksome; but I felt I was wedded to misfortune, and I resolved to make a virtue of endurance. The comparative loneliness, too, of my situation affected me, and the undying worm which was preying on my heart, rendered me a victim to the most miserable of morbid conditions. It was in vain that I endeavoured to shake off this mental lethargy—in vain that I sought relief in the vastness and originality of the scene around me. I was personally witnessing the glorious descriptions, which almost every man has read with feelings he will probably never forget, and yet, this new and mighty aspect of nature failed to awaken one burst of admiration, or elicit one sentiment of rapture, from a mind buoyant and imaginative both by nature and by education. My nights were not less miserable than my days were unhappy; the season of repose brought no succour to the maledicted. The images of my waking thoughts resolved themselves into awful phantoms for the hours of sleep, and distressed me, till the bare idea of retiring to rest became a burden to me. Often and often have I stood in moody silence, and watched the lessening rays of the retiring sun, as he withdrew his glories for the irradiation of another sphere. I have marked in mute regret, the solemn advances of darkness, till the curtained heavens became invisible, and I returned to my cabin with loathing and alarm. In the middle of the night I would start from my intermittent slumbers with the voice of the denouncer ringing in my ears. “Clement Kennedy, thou art avenged!” At other times, my eyes would be appalled by the horrid vision of the kneeling females, re-

newing the prayer of their heavy objurgations. Anon, the dark coffin of my poor Marian would be borne by viewless agents athwart my astonished gaze, and I would stretch forth my hands to stay it, and ponder on the inscription for the dead, and seem to weep, till the suffocation of my ideal sorrow pushed me within the confines of tangible suffering. And thus, by day and night my misery was complete. I was doomed never to forget!

At length the term of my probation on the waters was completed, and I left the circumscription of my wooden home, for the ample range of a splendid city; but it was only to meet a society which I could not enjoy, and gaze on scenes which I had not the spirit to appreciate. Cities had no charm for me; the wilds and solitary fastnesses of nature alone could yield me refuge.

In the hotel at which I sojourned, I had frequently remarked a young man, who seemed to me, more intelligent than any one with whom I had come in contact since my arrival. I learnt with satisfaction that he was not a native of cities; he was not cantaminated by the hollow professions of men who live in fashionable hordes, and for the purpose, as it would seem, of deluding each other into guilt and wretchedness. He was the only son of a small family, who had early sought their fortunes in the distant woods, and by individual exertion, and reasonable success, had become enabled to sit down under the shadow of "their own vine, and their own fig-tree." The study of this young man's character, was the only ray which passed athwart the gloom of my despondency. Though I had forsworn society in the mass, I had not contemplated the denial of a friend. I had not refused the only source of solace which the rigour of my fate allowed—the opportunity of pouring my sorrows into one faithful bosom, and of endeavouring to alleviate a pressure which had become almost unbearable.

It was thus that I schooled myself into a desire for the society of Albert Detroisier; and to pass over the tedium of introduction, I found him perfectly worthy of the pains I had taken. Business had called him from his settlement, to which he was now immediately to return; it was arranged that I should proceed to his destination with him, and if, happily, I could fall in with their primitive mode of life, it was reserved for me either to join in their speculations or commence agriculturist on a venture of my own.

We set forward on two excellent horses, and a ride of a few miles brought us at once into a wilderness! No more trace of humanity than if Eden had never been planted! In my happiest mood, I did not indulge freely in conversation, for the malady of the heart does not vent itself in words, but here I was literally dumb with amazement. I had seen the glorious ocean under some of its most imposing aspects, but its gigantic voice never fell upon my soul in such accents of sublimity, as did the voice of these apparently interminable forests; it spoke to me of the ages which had rolled away in silence, just flinging forth their seasons as they passed and returning once more to the bosom of eternity. I had no tangible idea of created space, until I found myself hemmed in by ever-during trees, and surrounded by mountains coeval with the wilderness.

My kind companion saw my abstraction as if he saw it not, or at least, as if a notice of it might be offensive. When, however, I found myself at leisure to converse, I perceived him to be a ready guide to

the mysteries of the forest. He described the wild fruits, and the vivid dyes which he beheld, and as the winged inhabitants flitted past us, he named them with facility. In this way we continued our journey until the evening of the fourth day, when the boundings of two fine dogs indicated our approach to the neighbourhood of New Hope Settlement. An hour's ride brought us to the spot, and we were welcomed with a rude but honest heartiness, which amply repaid what I confess had appeared to me a tiresome journey.

The family of Detroisier consisted of but four, the father, mother, my new acquaintance, and a daughter. The elder people were frank and affable, and somewhat proud of the stranger their son had brought them, the more so, as he could tell them of strange occurrences which had taken place in the mother-country, and of which the slightest intimation had not reached them in their sylvan seclusion. Emily Detroisier was a handsome creature, just bursting into womanhood, and strong and vigorous as the wild fawn of the adjoining woods. She blushed deeply, and with a sweet awkwardness, when Albert told her he had brought her another brother, who would tell her wondrous stories of the world beyond the sea, of which she had only heard some brief imperfect legends. She received and returned my salute with a sister-like ardour, and clapping her hands in an apparent extacy of delight, she exclaimed, "Oh, how happy we shall be!"

I know not how it was, but the presence of that girl was a source of inexpressible uneasiness to me; and from the first week that I spent in her company, I felt myself irresistibly drawn towards her. At times my agony was intense, and I rushed from the presence of all, and unwitnessed, in the bosom of the woods, I gave loose to the anguish of my terror-haunted soul. "What!" I would ask myself, "can the words of a weak woman over-leap time and space, and blight me even in solitude? Shall I never know compassion more? never more taste the sweet solace of a congenial heart, or repose my unhappy head on the bosom of unsophisticated affection?" I determined that I would no longer stoop to such a degradation; that I would fling unmerited punishment to the winds, and in the garb of a sylvan hunter, and in the happy arms of Emily Detroisier, would seek that measure of delight which had hitherto eluded my grasp, I would enjoy the few years which were yet allotted me, in defiance of forebodings for the future, or regrets for the past. Alas! how unstable are the resolves of the unhappy! when I saw the gay figure of Emily, I was whirled in an instant to other days and scenes—I beheld the pale but dear features of the lost Marian, and my eyes were filled with the tears of a too faithful recollection.

Amid these strugglings of the mind, however, I was rapidly acquiring a strength and hardihood of body, to which, up to that period, I had been wholly a stranger. I entered upon my new pursuits with a manly alacrity, and every trace of the pale and sorrow-stricken student was lost in the athletic form of an adventurous woodsman.

I became expert in the use of a rifle, and frequently followed the chase with uncommon ardour for days. On these occasions I made a circuit from New Hope, which materially impeded the chances of my finding my way back unassisted. At that period the native Indians might be said to halve the soil with the new and industrious settler; and in the majority of instances, a spirit of the warmest friendship

existed in both parties. Slight exchanges were effected between them, and numberless acts of kindness and goodwill performed on either side. Some there were, however, who were not born for sociality; they could not bear to see their native woods torn down by the axes of the new comers, and the stubborn plough driven through the very soil which was rendered famous by the deeds, and possibly sacred by the ashes of their invincible forefathers. I had been warned of this; I had also been cautioned not to extend my rambles to an unnecessary length when alone; of all of which, at the moment, I took careful note, but frequently lost sight of the monition when prudence was most necessary.

I was returning pensively from a rather longer excursion than usual, and was almost regretting my distance from New Hope, when I was startled by the sound of something which whizzed with great force past my ear, and was speedily buried in the forest. I had no doubt that it had been thrown; but that it had been aimed at me I refused for a moment to believe. Since I first set my foot on the continent of the new world, I had the consolation to think that I had made some friends, but not one enemy! I proceeded steadily onwards, when a tall Indian suddenly placed himself in the path before me, and in an attitude which declared that he meant to contend the passage with me. I stepped back to bring a blow at him with my rifle, but he, with a sudden bound, was upon me, and had nearly as good a hold of my weapon as I had. His features were inflamed with passion, and his eyes glowed like two coals of fire. He gave a furious throw, as if he had imagined to deprive me of the rifle by a *coup de main*; but he had underrated my powers for resistance; I not only retained my grasp but I returned the throw with a suddenness and force which threw him violently backward. I smiled at him in derision, and was about to give him a blow that would have unfitted him for sudden pursuit, when a wild shout arose behind me, and at the same moment my arm was arrested by another Indian of more formidable dimensions than my fallen adversary. The smile of good humour was upon his countenance, and an interchange of words took place between them, which I understood enough of to know that the new comer was a peace-maker. I stood upon high ground, however; I availed myself of the parley to load my piece, which had two of the best barrels that ever were brought to an aim, and I demanded them to clear my path on pain of instant punishment. The new comer was nothing daunted; he renewed his pacific gestures with an earnestness which made me smile in compliance, and, stepping on one side, he partly dragged and partly lead my sullen and discomfitted antagonist from the scene of conflict.

When I reached home, the account I gave of the rencontre, alarmed the family, but more particularly Emily, whose affection for me began daily to increase. They rejoiced at the firmness of my resistance, as that would give my unknown adversary a favourable opinion of me, if he were an honourable person; but they regretted his defeat inasmuch as some of the natives were known to pursue such a dishonour with the most vindictive and unyielding hatred.

That evening Emily begged of me no more to subject myself to such a risk. From the description I was enabled to give of the Indians, she was satisfied that both had been at New Hope on a mission of barter. One of them had looked at her with more than usual earnestness, and, she added, in a low tone of voice, while she grasped my arm firmly,

she believed she had seen him in the neighbourhood, endeavouring to gain a sight of her ! I promised that I would no more endanger a life which had become dear to her—and, shade of MARIAN forgive me!—sealed the promise on her lips.

We heard no more of our Indian friends, and the circumstance which caused depression to the inmates of New Hope, brought an elevation of the heart to me. This was the first struggle in which I had been engaged, and, without a vaunt, I might say I was the victor. I hailed the omen with a delight which *now* I cannot but characterize as childish. It was *then*, however, “the rainbow of the storm to me;” it was plain that I was not to be worsted in every encounter—vengeance, a mother’s vengeance, was at length tired of pursuing me, and I might breathe once more without the sensation of the ever-stifling curse !

My life became one unvarying round of sweet placidity. We pursued our labour when it was necessary ; when otherwise, we took a range in the woods, or a day’s fishing in the lakes. When the weather admitted of neither—and sometimes it was dreadfully severe—the time was spent in cheerful games—the relation of an old romance—or the fine voice of Emily, sometimes in a native ballad, and sometimes in the popular airs of my own land in her happier days. Of course it had been my pleasant province to teach her the latter, and it was a joy to me to hear the plaintive airs of ancient Ireland warbled by a music-breathing voice, amid the vast forests of the western world.

I had now become a confirmed settler, and a practised agriculturist, without even a wish to change my situation. The empty dreams that cheered my boyhood hours—the more emphatic aspirations of succeeding days—the air-drawn visions which hope nursed and glory pointed to with her bright alluring finger, were all merged in deep forgetfulness ; every epoch of my life, save one alone, was buried in oblivion ; and even that I was striving to forget. I was more happy than I had been for years. The seed time was passed, and we were looking forward to our usual ample harvest, when to pass away the vacuum more spiritedly, we proceeded, the entire family, to a settlement some miles distant, and availing ourselves of the kind ministrations of a French missionary, I became the husband of Emily Detroisier, and more sincere vows were never breathed beneath the fretted roofs of ponderous cathedrals, than were that day offered up in the small log chapel of the wilderness. Old Detroisier shed tears of joy, and his hale old wife blessed us with the best blessings of a fond mother. I prayed in my secret heart that they might prove propitious,

Whilst we were yet in the midst of our merry-making, we were visited by a party of straggling Indians, who halted for refreshment. There were but five of them—and two I instantly recognized as my friends of the forest. I affected not to know them. Had there been fifty instead of five, I am certain that Jerard Detroisier would have made them welcome. He was, at any time, an epitome of hospitality, but now, when he was scarcely in the possession of his senses, he would have entertained a colony. Gerard informed them of the nature of our festivity, and the effect the intelligence had on my recent assailant is certainly worth recording. He dashed the maple cup from his lips, and in a few minutes exhibited all the indications of the most intense despair ; he bit pieces of flesh from his arms ; and seemed the very image of frenzy. He then gave vent to a volley of wild intonation, and fled to

the woods, yelling like a wild beast ! When our surprise,—for we did not suffer it to go further,—had in a measure subsided, the Indian, whom I have described as the peace-maker between us, approached me, and with an exquisitely ludicrous expression, tapped his forehead with his finger three times. I laughed, in my turn, and the party grew obstreperously merry. The moon at length rose upon our vigils, and after a series of gesticulations, which I was informed was a dance our dusky visitants departed.

From that hour forward, for the space of a year my life was an uninterrupted round of quiet happiness. My Emily loved me fervently, and the affections of the family were concentrated upon me. At the expiration of a year, New Hope was visited by a lovely boy. Every eye was beaming with delight—could mine be otherwise? I did partake of the general joy, but it was tempered with a dash of fear, for which I could not but reproach myself. Yet my feelings were not wholly unnatural. It is the accumulation of treasure which brings an increase of pain to the miser's heart ; and, in like manner, as I found my slender hoard increasing, the fear of losing it overshadowed my soul !

But I had no cause for fear, the boy grew rapidly ; nursed by his mother's assiduity and gladdened by her smiles, he became a goodly cherub, and most pleasant for a parent's eye to look upon. If there had been a deadly breach at New Hope, the birth of that child would have cemented all ; but as it was, every heart throbbing with affection, the cup of concord was filled "e'en to o'erflowing full."

Cecil—he bore my unhappy name!—was in his sixth year, and a sturdy urchin he was becoming when I first began to inure him to ramble in the woods. With the keen sense of the forest-born he enjoyed the sport in which he could not participate, and he would bestride the yet quivering body of a fallen deer with as strong a zest as ever hunter shewed in rushing into "the death." We had been out together one day—I remember well I had no wish to go that day, but he was particularly urgent, and a glance from the bright eyes of his mother settled the matter—and the poor boy became sooner tired than usual. I mounted him, as was my wont, upon my shoulder, and went off at a rapid pace, he amusing himself the while by snatching at the slender branches and the berries which overhung him. As we passed on a peculiarly beautiful berry caught his attention, and he insisted on gathering some to make a necklace for his mother. Pleased with my child's solicitude, I set him down until I could procure the desired fruit ; but seeing some yet larger and riper further on, I quitted him for a moment—but a moment—to snatch a luminous branch, when a faint cry apprized me of his danger. I flew to the spot, and found him weltering in his innocent blood ! Vengeful had been the hand that dealt the blow—his neck was half severed by a tomahawk. I uttered one suppressed shriek of agony, which was briefly echoed by a yell of triumph and a rustling in the trees. I believe I was gifted with superhuman vision. I caught the gleam of an eye amid the foliage—I fired my rifle, and an Indian sprang from the thicket and expired within a few yards of me. The report of my piece increased my danger. The fiend had an accomplice in the wood, for in less than a second my cap was struck from my head by the launching of another knife. Enraged as I was, I would not suffer myself thus to fight at disadvantage. I resumed the bleeding body of my child and made for our habitation.

If it should be my destiny to live until I had attained the period allotted to the patriarch recorded in the pages of the sacred Pentateuch, I should never be able to describe the multitudinous assemblage of sensations I experienced whilst bearing home the corse of my murdered child. What was I to say to the mother who adored him? What to the relatives who regarded him as the light and life of their earthly enjoyment? What would be their feelings when I went in amongst them, and laid my precious burden down stone dead upon the table before them? It was horrible to think; and yet thought after thought flashed upon me with a celerity which almost drove me to madness. My Emily had anticipated our arrival; she was standing at the door, watching like impatient love, for our return. When she caught the first glimpse of me, bloody with my bleeding load, she uttered an exclamation of unearthly terror, and sunk down in utter insensibility. Her cry aroused the family within, and they hastened to her assistance, but appalled by the spectacle they beheld, they were incapable of rendering it.

When my unhappy wife returned to a state of sensibility she loaded herself with incessant reproaches; she accused herself in the bitterest terms of being an accessory to the slaughter of her son; she knew, she said, that I was loath to go; and but for her fatal acquiescence we would have remained at home and in safety. I tried with a bleeding heart, indeed, to solace my inconsolable partner, but my efforts were valueless. It was the first instance of death she had witnessed, and it overpowered her soul with intolerable anguish. For myself, I was covered with self abhorrence. I knew that I was the demon who had brought death and misery into their small but happy community. The curse—the unfailing curse—was pursuing me with an intensity which would have made the very ashes of my denouncer tremble in her grave.

Evening closed upon us in our desolation, but no eye sought for slumber. We sat round our dead child in awful silence, we did not dare to tell the agitations of our bosoms, and words of comfort we had none to utter. I was suddenly roused from my stupor by a broad glare of light at one of the windows, and rushing to the door, I found the house on fire, and surrounded by a small party of Indians. Fury and despair now took possession of our souls, and we rushed out upon our murderous assailants. The conflict was deadly. Gerard Detroisier and his brave son fell by my side, while the burning house was falling in upon the remainder of my relatives. It was in vain that I exposed myself; though an Indian fell at every shot, I seemed to bear a charmed life, till seeing the deed of darkness complete, they raised a yell of triumph and fled!

* * * * *

I have returned, in my old age, to the land of my nativity to lie down and die when it shall please heaven to summon me. Oh! in mercy, may its call be speedy, for I am an outcast in this world. I may repeat with fearful fidelity the touching words of the Indian Logan—"there runs not a drop of my blood in the veins of any living creature."

W. G. T.

MODERN INVENTIONS.—No. III.

ROBERTS'S NEW FID—HARRIS'S LIGHTNING CONDUCTORS—WETTERS-DETT'S PATENT METALLIC SHEATHING—WATSON'S LIFE PRESERVER—CANNING'S LIFE RAFT—ROGERS'S CAT-HEAD STOPPER—AND BATTEN'S PATENT CHAIN CABLE STOPPER.

AGAIN we are upon the waters. Fancy resumes her sketch, and flings over the dull solidity of matter of fact, the undulating gossamer of fiction. Yielding to her wayward impulse, we will first examine

ROBERTS'S NEW FID.—Nay, start not, gentles—there is no occasion for your going aloft to examine it—not even upon deck; for here we have a model at hand. But before we proceed to describe this miniature representation of the manner in which our slender topmast is fidded, we must inform you, that the earliest method of securing the topmast, after being bowed up to its proper position, was by driving a conically-shaped piece of *lignum vitæ*, or other strong and durable wood, into an aperture formed in the lower end of the topmast; so that the ends of the fid, extending on each side of the topmast, might rest on the trussell-trees, and, carrying the weight of the topmast, confine it to its natural situation. Occasional improvements were made in the shape and proportions of this fid, but it was always found exceedingly difficult, and sometimes impossible, to be removed in stormy weather, unless the rigging and stays were loosened, and the risk of having the upper masts carried away being thereby considerably increased.

The active genius of invention has within a few years produced many plans to obviate these disadvantages, among which, the lever fid of Mr. Rotch stands pre-eminent; but even this has not fully answered the expectations that were formed of it, nor have the various modifications by Admiral Brooking, and other patentees, been more successful than the original. Instead of following the method adopted in all the preceding modes of fidding, by throwing the weight of the topmast upon the trussell-trees, which are in turn supported by the lower mast, Mr. Roberts contrives, by a very simple expedient, to suspend the weight at once upon the latter, which, you will observe, he does in this way. Against the fore part of the lower mast, at a sufficient distance from the head of it, he fixes a stepping piece for the topmast to rest upon; the head of this stepping piece is cut so as to form an inclined plane, sloping forward, and from the after part of the topmast heel a corresponding section is cut out, so that when the topmast is raised to its intended height, the stepping piece in the lower mast occupies the place of the section that has been cut away from the former. We have shewn that the head of the stepping piece is an inclined plane, and in order to make the topmast slide into its proper position upon that plane, a large wedge is introduced between the fore part of the topmast heel and the fore cross-tree; by driving this wedge the topmast is forced up and securely confined to its place, and may be as easily released, by putting a small block of wood, a handspike, or any thing else that may be at hand to form a fulcrum, at a little distance from the wedge, and by inserting the end of a crowbar, or other convenient lever, into one of a

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When my unhappy wife returned to a state of sensibility she loaded herself with incessant reproaches; she accused herself in the bitterest terms of being an accessory to the slaughter of her son; she knew, she said, that I was loath to go; and but for her fatal acquiescence we would have remained at home and in safety. I tried with a bleeding heart, indeed, to solace my inconsolable partner, but my efforts were valueless. It was the first instance of death she had witnessed, and it overpowered her soul with intolerable anguish. For myself, I was covered with self abhorrence. I knew that I was the demon who had brought death and misery into their small but happy community. The curse—the unfailing curse—was pursuing me with an intensity which would have made the very ashes of my denouncer tremble in her grave.

Evening closed upon us in our desolation, but no eye sought for slumber. We sat round our dead child in awful silence, we did not dare to tell the agitations of our bosoms, and words of comfort we had none to utter. I was suddenly roused from my stupor by a broad glare of light at one of the windows, and rushing to the door, I found the house on fire, and surrounded by a small party of Indians. Fury and despair now took possession of our souls, and we rushed out upon our murderous assailants. The conflict was deadly. Gerard Detroisier and his brave son fell by my side, while the burning house was falling in upon the remainder of my relatives. It was in vain that I exposed myself; though an Indian fell at every shot, I seemed to bear a charmed life, till seeing the deed of darkness complete, they raised a yell of triumph and fled!

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W. G. T.

MODERN INVENTIONS.—No. III.

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series of notches cut in the wedge for that purpose, and lifting up the wedge; thus avoiding the necessity of slackening a single shroud.

This model also serves to demonstrate the plan of

HARRIS'S LIGHTNING CONDUCTORS.—We have already briefly mentioned this surprising safeguard against the terrific explosion of the electric fluid, to the destructive effects of which vessels are more liable than any other objects; and we will now describe its peculiar arrangement and advantages. To protect a ship effectually from damage by lightning, it is essential that the conductor be as continuous and as direct as possible, from the highest point to the sea; that it be permanently fixed in the masts, throughout their whole extent, so as to admit of the motion of one portion of the mast upon another; and that, in case of the removal of any part of the mast, together with the conductor attached to it, either from accident or design, the remaining portion should still be perfect, and equal to the transmission of an electrical discharge into the sea. To fulfil these conditions, pieces of sheet copper, from one-sixteenth to one-eighth of an inch thick, varying from one inch and a half to six inches in breadth, and being about two feet long, according to the size of the masts, are inserted into the masts in two laminæ, one over the other; the butts or joints of the one being covered by the central portions of the other. The laminæ are riveted together at the butts, so as to form a long, elastic, and continuous line. The whole conductor is inserted under the edges of a neat groove, ploughed longitudinally in the aft side of the different masts, and secured in its position by wrought copper nails, so as to present a fair surface. This metallic line then passes downward from the copper spindle at the mast head, along the aft sides of the royal mast, and topgallant-mast of large vessels, and is connected in its course with the copper about the sheeve holes. A copper lining in the aft side of the cap, through which the topmast slides, now takes up the connection, and continues it over the cap to the aft side of the topmast, and so on, as before, to the step of the mast; here it meets a thick, wide, copper lining, turned round the step, under the heel of the mast, and resting on a similar layer of copper, which is fixed to the keelson; this last is connected with some of the keelson bolts, and with three perpendicular bolts of copper, of two inches diameter, which are driven into the main keel upon three transverse or horizontal bolts, brought into immediate contact with the copper expanded over the bottom. The laminæ of copper are turned over the respective mast heads, and are secured about an inch or more down on the opposite side; the cap which corresponds is prepared in a somewhat similar way, the copper being continued from the lining in the aft part of the round hole, over the cap, into the fore part of the square one, where it is turned down and secured as before, so that when the cap is in its place, the contact is complete. In this way, we have, under all circumstances, a continuous metallic line from the highest points to the sea, which will transmit the electric matter directly through the keel, and emit it into the non-conducting fluid where it becomes perfectly neutralized and harmless.

A most interesting series of experiments, conducted by the inventor, Mr. William Snow Harris, at Plymouth, as well as before the Lords of the Admiralty, and subsequent trials on board of ships of war, have shewn the decided superiority of this lightning conductor over that of the chain; the latter being subject to frequent disarrangement and frac-

ture, as it has to be suspended from the mast-head, and dragged through the water, and is always liable to entanglement upon the lowering of the upper masts. But it will be apparent, that in whatever position we suppose the sliding masts to be placed, whether in a state of elongation or of contraction, still the line of conduction, by Mr. Harris's arrangement, will remain perfect; for that part of the conductor which necessarily remains below the cap and top, when the sliding masts are struck, is no longer in the line of action, and consequently its influence need not be considered.

In describing the lightning conductors, we have mentioned copper sheathing, which has been hitherto held to be the best protecting medium for ships' bottoms; but as the vessel in which we are embarked is supposed to be constructed of iron, and is only intended to navigate "the sunny seas of fancy," she needs no such covering: were it otherwise, we should have adopted

WETTERSDETT'S PATENT METALLIC SHEATHING, which is an alloy of lead, antimony, and quicksilver; the combination of which is such as not only to preserve them from oxidating, but also imparts to the composition peculiar qualities of cohesion, tenacity, and elasticity, qualities which are not possessed by copper or its alloys generally, and which render the patent material highly eligible for the purpose to which it is applied. The cohesion of the particles is not destroyed by a violent strain or blow, as copper is affected, but being exceedingly elastic and tenacious the metal adapts itself to the force of the percussion. Its tenacity also gives it a ready adaptation to surface, which is of considerable importance, not only in facilitating the perfect covering of the vessel, at first, but subsequently in obviating the effects of any accidental strain the vessel may receive during her passage, and which, under ordinary circumstances, might occasion the loss of the ship, cargo, and crew; and it will be found equally useful in the event of a vessel being driven on shore. After use, the outward surface of this marine sheathing remains perfectly clean and bright, like silver, without any adhesion of barnacles, or other marine productions, such as were found to be so great a means of obstruction in the experimental trials of Sir Humphry Davy's Protector, notwithstanding the philosopher's conclusions, *à priori*, that a negative state of electricity would be unfavourable to vegetable production or existence. The chief points of superiority possessed by Mr. Wettersdett's sheathing over that of copper, are, that it is not subject, like the latter, to oxidation, and consequent destruction, or to the accumulation of sea-weed, barnacles, or other material, which retard the speed of the vessel; to which may be added, that this combination of metals acquires additional hardness by being kept in contact with the sea; that it is of considerably less price than copper; and that it is far more durable than sheathing made of the last-named metal.

Let us return upon deck, and complete our survey. Here we have

WATSON'S LIFE PRESERVER, and is at once light, elegant, and yet perfectly serviceable. It is formed of two hollow spheres of copper, hermetically sealed, each being about twelve inches in diameter. These spheres are united by a cord, of sufficient length to permit a man to place himself between the spheres, and obtain support in the water by hanging over the cord, or getting it under his arms; the atmospheric fluid contained in the spheres being enough to afford sufficient buoyancy

to sustain two persons. On the first alarm of "a man overboard!" this apparatus, which is kept at hand on the quarter-deck is thrown into the sea, in the direction of the person immersed, and as near to him as circumstances will permit. Each sphere is also made heavier in that part which should remain undermost in the water, in order that it may keep in an upright position a piece of wire of twenty-two or three inches in height, to which is fixed a narrow pendant of light bunting; and these little streamers are intended to attract the notice of the person who is in the water to a certain means of temporary safety, whilst they will form a mark from the ship in putting her about, and serve to guide the boat's crew in directing them towards the spot where their messmate awaits them, or near to which he must still be struggling with the waves.

In all ordinary cases at sea, these life preservers will be found sufficiently efficacious; but when it becomes necessary to escape from a stranded vessel, and to buffet with

The jagged rocks, the rugged shore,
Amid the raving whirlwind's roar;
When each wild rushing ocean wave,
Seems raised to form a seaman's grave—

something beyond buoyancy is required; something that will defend, as well as sustain. In these cases, any expert seaman will speedily construct, out of such materials as are readily to be found on shipboard, an excellent wreck escape, which, bearing the inventors name, is called

CANNING'S LIFE RAFT; which, for the preservation of two or three persons, when even a boat would be unavailable, is composed of three spars, which are lashed together crosswise at their centres, and are braced, or kept in a proper position—that is, their extremities equidistant from each other—by means of ropes. To each end of these spars is attached a cork fender, or an empty cask covered with a hammock, to protect it from being stove in by a projecting rock. The persons upon these rafts, the size of which will of course be proportionate to their number, support themselves in the centre, by holding on by the ropes, and shift themselves about as the raft occasionally rolls over. Upon reaching the shore, the raft will be thrown up by the waves, high enough to enable them to land with the greatest ease.

We are now arrived at the conclusion of our trip, and the two remaining articles to which we shall call your attention will be put in operation in dropping anchor, and mooring our little vessel. The first is

ROGERS'S CAT-HEAD STOPPER, by which the anchor is suspended to the cat-head. This stopper is a sort of forceps, whose lower limbs are curved towards and cross each other, when closed, much like the beak of a crossbill, leaving an opening about midway between the pivot and their extremities, in which they confine the ring of the anchor. To each of the upper limbs of the forceps is attached a short chain, which is suspended by a ring at the termination of a longer chain, called the stopper-chain, which, when in operation, sustains the whole apparatus, anchor, &c. and whose end is passed through the cat-head, at the hole generally used for the fixed or permanent part of the common stopper, and carried in-board. The anchor having been catted in the usual way, by being hoisted up by the cat-block to the cat-head, the forceps are lowered by the stopper-chain, and hooked to the ring of the anchor;

the short terminating chains attached to the upper limbs of the forceps being of a length to allow of their sufficient extension, the stopper-chain is then hauled tight enough to close the forceps, and is fastened to the timber-head, in-board, in the usual manner. It will be apparent, that whilst the forceps are suspended by the stopper-chain, the greater the weight they have to support the more firmly will they be closed together. From the pivot of the forceps a shackle is brought up, and permitted to play between the upper limbs; to this shackle another chain is affixed, the upper end of which is permanently attached to the cat-head, near the bow of the vessel. To let go the anchor, it is only necessary to slacken the stopper-chain, by which, when the weight falls upon the permanently fixed chain, the short chains at the termination of the stopper-chain are permitted to expand; there being then nothing to prevent the opening of the forceps, their lower limbs are immediately separated from each other by the pressure of the ring of the anchor, and the anchor is safely and instantaneously dropped.

It will naturally occur, that the great weight of the anchor will cause it to descend with extreme rapidity, dragging the chain-cable along with it; and that if there were not some means of checking its force, and of eventually stopping it, beyond those resorted to in the use of hempen cables, accidents to the chain-cable, to whatever would lie in its way, and to the seamen employed in its management, would frequently take place. To obviate all these mischances, we have

BATTEN'S PATENT CHAIN-CABLE STOPPER, an apparatus which is under the easy guidance of a single seaman. Although the name of compressor has been (improperly) given to this stopper, it does not at all affect the cable by compression, which would, in fact, be causing an injury to it, but simply acts as a check to its rapidity, and as a means of confining it at any required point. The chain-cable stopper is fixed under the coamings of the hatchway, and is formed of two levers, which, by the operation of a pulley, confine the chain in its passage out by jamming it against an iron plate upon which these levers traverse. So complete is this great nautical improvement, that the utmost certainty of action may be attained with perfect ease and security, without the slightest risk to cable, stopper, or seaman.

"Half speed, below there!" is the order from our commander to the engineer. "Starboard!" to the steersman. "Half speed it is!"—"Starboard it is," are the ready replies. "Stop her, below there!" Her progress is retarded until the tide begins to give her stern-way. "Stand by the cable-stopper!"—"All's ready, sir."—"Let go the anchor!" Downward dashes the massive instrument, and every link of the swiftly-gliding chain seems to rumble forth its objection to be drawn out of its tranquility, and to be immersed in the splashing stream. "Stop her!"—the vessel surges a little, as if reluctant to be confined, the chain is brought to, and again we are safely moored.

NOTICE OF SPAIN.

SPAIN, though without doubt, one of the most interesting countries in Europe, whether we regard the character of its people, or its romantic literature, has been the most neglected. Modern civilization, has swept from the surface of society all that was romantic and picturesque, with few shades of difference. One uniform system of manners prevails over most parts of the European continent. But in Spain it is far different. Spain is still the same in character and appearance it was, centuries ago; its fortunes only have changed.

It is difficult to give a general description of a nation, whose character and customs, differ in every province. These provinces, which were formerly as many kingdoms, appear to have preserved the spirit of hatred towards each other, in a greater or lesser degree in proportion to the distance they are from each other.

The Catalans are the most industrious, active, and laborious among the Spaniards; they consider themselves as a distinct people, are always ready to revolt, and have more than once formed the project of erecting their country into a separate republic. For some time past, Catalonia has been the nursery of the arts and trades of Spain, which have acquired there, a degree of perfection not found in any other part of the kingdom. The Catalan is rude in his manner almost amounting to brutality.

The Valencian is subtle and false, though milder in his manners; he is the most idle, and at the same time the most supple individual that exists. His country is justly termed the garden of Spain, from its fertility and beauty.

The inhabitant of Galicia may be compared to the native of Auvergne; he quits his country and is employed, in the rest of Spain, in much the same manner as persons of the same class from Auvergne and Limousin, are in France. The same may be said of the Austrian.

The Castilian is haughty, bigoted, and grave in his manner, and is generally esteemed for his fidelity, strength of mind, and inflexible integrity.

The Andalusian has nothing of his own, not even his language, and may be compared to the Gascon for extravagant expressions, vivacity, and vain boasting. Hyperbole is his favourite language; he embellishes and exaggerates every thing, and offers you his purse and person, in as little time as he takes to repent of it.

Such are a few of the varieties of character to be met with in Spain; though there are some qualities common to all. A strict sobriety, a blind and extreme bigotry is universal. The national vanity, a prejudice much in favour of a government which knows how to turn it to advantage, is carried to an excessive degree. There is not a Spaniard who does not think his country the first in the world. The people have a proverb which says, *Donde esta Madrid calle el mundo*, "where Madrid is, let the world be silent." A preacher in a sermon on the temptation of Christ, told his audience, that the devil, according to holy writ, took the Saviour to the top of a high mountain, whence all the kingdoms of the earth were discovered; he showed him France, England, and Italy, but

happily for the Son of God, Spain was hidden from his sight by the Pyrennees. Fathers of families, on their death-bed, have been known to congratulate their children on their happiness in living in Madrid, and have taught them to consider that advantage, as the greatest benefit of which they could leave them in possession.

The residence in cities, especially in the capital, of those who have the means, leaves the country deserted. A Spaniard never lives in the country; he cannot like it, because he knows not what it is; the lively descriptions of the beauties of the country, of the varied scenes of nature, the enthusiasm of Gesner, Thomson and St. Lambert are unknown in Spain.

The blind respect the Spaniards have for priests is derived to them from the Goths. The monks, priests and bishops, were infallible in the eyes of that people; they became the only judges in civil as well as ecclesiastical matters. The number of ecclesiastics in Spain is calculated at the enormous number of 200,000; this alone is surely a sufficient reason for the present degraded state of Spain. Their power is supreme in every department of government. A priest is an object of veneration, to punish whom civil justice has hardly any power, let him have committed ever so great a crime. A striking instance of this was seen a few years ago in Andalusia. A monk of the order of barefooted Carmelites, had conceived a violent passion for a young girl to whom he was confessor. He had undoubtedly attempted to explain to her his wishes; because, learning from herself, that she was going to be married, and jealous that another should possess her that he idolized, he became frantic; and one day, after the young woman had made her confession to him, received the sacrament from his hands, and heard him say mass, he lay in wait for her at the church door, and notwithstanding the cries of the mother, and the astonishment of all present, with three strokes of a poniard laid her dead at his feet. He was taken into custody, but the king being informed he was a priest, condemned him to live at Porto Rico, as a presidiary, or galley slave.

The naval force of Spain is very inconsiderable, almost beneath notice; and every year it decreases, from the want of funds to pay the men and officers. The army is, however, in a much better condition, though still contemptible in comparison with that of other nations. The regulars consist of 33,000 infantry; of these, eight regiments are foot guards, and there are likewise seven regiments of light infantry. The cavalry is not at present more than 5,000 men, which, with the addition of the corps of artillery, the whole strength of which amounts to 8,000 men, would make the Spanish army consist of 46,000.

Besides these, there is a militia of 30,000, and likewise the famous royalist volunteers, the number of which might be moderately estimated at 100,000. These latter are, however, the true defenders of church and state, as the regular army are much in advance of the rest of the people in knowledge and intelligence, and were much suspected in the recent attempts of the constitutionalists, to be tainted with liberalism. The "volunteers" consist of the refuse of the population, obnoxious to the respectable part of the nation for their crimes and outrages. The Spaniards, were they properly clothed and armed would make excellent soldiers: they have a fine military look, which even their present miserable condition does not take from them. Their bodies though thin,

are athletic and sinewy, and their piercing black eyes and erect figures, proclaim no lack of fitness within. The generals in Spain amount to the almost incredible number of 745!

The revenues of Spain arise from various sources; the following are some of the principal; 1. The fifths of the government lotteries which occur every month; 2. The *rentas generales*, or the excise and custom dues; 3. The government monopolies of paper, cards, salt and tobacco, denominated the *estancos*. Besides these, there are the papal bulls and indulgences, of which half the produce has been conceded to the King of Spain, the sale of masses for the dead. These last are by far the most considerable sources of the revenue. There is one more source, however, which is likewise far from trifling, viz., the *excusado*, or right conceded by the church, of appropriating in each parish the tythes of the finest farm as the privilege of the crown. The amount of these is about five millions, and is collected in the most arbitrary and corrupt manner.

But I must not forget the most interesting portion of the creation. Nothing, indeed, is more lovely than a young Spanish girl at fifteen years of age, such as I have seen many in the rural parts of the kingdom. A face perfectly oval; hair of a fine, clear auburn, equally divided on the forehead, and only bound by a silk net; large black eyes; a mouth replete with graces; an attitude always modest; a simple habit of neat black serge, exactly fitting the shape, and gently pressing the wrist; a little hand and foot perfectly proportioned; in short, the Spanish maiden is the very model of beauty and grace. Always ready to please, she dances and does every thing with a grace unattainable by mere cultivation; touches her guitar as if by inspiration, and sings with a charm that passion only can impart. The Spanish women are indeed, fascinating; among her virtues, and they are numerous, there is yet one that is far from being universal; I mean chastity. The jealousy of the men, indeed, has long since past away, but the fair Spaniard still retains her ancient fondness for intrigue. Every married woman is attended by her *cortejo*, and lovers, now run little risk from the jealousy of the husband.

WE HAD PARTED FOR YEARS.

We had parted for years, I had roam'd o'er the sea,
Nor thought that her heart ever wandered to me,
For I knew she had beauty, had youth, had the power,
To mingle unrivalled in hall or in bower!
We meet, but her glance was averted from mine,
And I vainly endeavoured the cause to divine;
But ne'er from that day for a moment would she
Unless amid strangers, be present with me.

We were parting again and I proffered my hand,
And she gave me her's at her father's command;
He knew not our love, thought she ought to extend
Her hand unto him, whom her father called friend.
She gave it and fainted, I bore her away,
And knelt down beside the low couch where she lay;
Her secret she told as I leant fondly o'er,
Report had belied me—we parted no more.—W. G. L.

PHYSICIANS AS THEY WERE, AND AS THEY ARE.

No profession has undergone greater changes and vicissitudes than physic. Its history presents it under various forms, in different countries at different times, and in different places in the same country; almost universally respected by the great and good, it was equally despised by the ignorant and vulgar. Of its antiquity, the earliest records of the world afford abundant evidence. The Pagans considered the gods as its inventors. In Egypt, the cradle of arts and science, its invention was ascribed to Osiris; from him it descended to Apollo, from Apollo to Esculapius. Resting in the hands of priests, legislators, and kings, the latter of whom frequently united in their own person the spiritual functions of the priest with the temporal duties of king, it was too frequently confounded with astrology. The first honourable mention we find among the Greek, of any physician, is that of Melanthus, who received the hand and heart of his royal patient, the daughter of King Prolus, whom he had cured of a mental affection. To the philosophers and physicians of Greece we are indebted for the first germs of that anatomical knowledge upon which Pythagoras, Democritus, Hippocrates, and Aristotle rested their systems. Of the principles and doctrines of Pythagoras, we cannot speak with any degree of certainty at this distance of time, his works being no longer extant; but if we may judge from the influence which his school exercised for many years over Ancient Italy and Greece, supplying them with statesmen and philosophers, it must have been great. To him we are indebted for the doctrine of crisis, from which many useful indications in the treatment of disease flow. Of Democritus, whose works have not escaped the ravages of time, we can only say, that his genius is characterized by his views; the first to conceive the methodic system of the world founded on the properties of matter and the laws of motion, and the first to point to experiment as a new road to truth. To dwell upon the merits of Hippocrates, a name that implies all that is great in medicine, and good or amiable in man, would here be superfluous; and of Aristotle we can say, that his knowledge of the moral and physical man was most extensive. They were respected in proportion to their condition. Darius had his physician, Democedes, always to dine with him; Alexander was equally partial to Phillip; and we find that kings and princes did not disdain to become the pupils of those great men. Pliny tells us that the kings of Egypt prosecuted dissection to study disease; *ab regibus quoque corpora mortuorum ad scrutandos morbos insecabantur*. To Juba, of Mauritania, we are indebted for some of the articles in our materia medica; to Mithridates, for the famed antidote, which, whether it possess or not the virtues ascribed to it, is at least sufficient to prove the dignity of the profession of old. That it had some claim to notice, we may conclude, when we find the learning of Democritus, Galen, and Celsus, engaged in attempts to explain its composition and properties. Physicians were the friends and companions of the Roman Emperors, Adrian, Vespasian, Antoninus, and Julian. Cicero and Pliny both say that medicine was invented by the gods. Hippocrates says it was *ars artium nobilissima*, but that the ignorance of pretenders has rendered it *omnium ignobilissima*. From philosophy to medicine there is but one step. The physician either ends or begins as a philosopher, was the saying of that great man, Hippocrates. It was not the mere practice of

what has been poetically styled *muta et ingloria ars*, that obtained for these men the distinguished patronage of princes and monarchs: no, it was the almost boundless erudition which they united to an extensive knowledge of the physical structure of man. Were a knowledge of medicine alone sufficient to secure this respect, the moderns, from the very great improvements which have been made in every branch of the science, would have stronger claims to notice. The great discoveries which are daily and hourly coming to light in animal and vegetable chemistry, arm them with powers altogether unknown to the ancients, and by which, diseases which formerly ravaged whole districts are easily controlled. Though ignorant of chemistry, and having but crude notions of anatomy, and physiology, yet the practice with the ancients differed little in mortality from the most successful practice now-a-days. Whether their more extensive knowledge of the philosophy of nature better fitted them for contemplating her sufferings, or their limited *materia medica* checked their interference, certain it is that the restorative process was seldom disturbed, and cures were effected by withholding, rather than administering medicines. The ponderous volumes upon *materia medica*, and equally voluminous ones upon animal and vegetable chemistry, which daily issue from the press, would afford, even to Paracelsus, had he now lived, strong hopes of discovering his favourite elixir. But, unfortunately, many of the most valuable medicinal agents which science is hourly bringing to light, are, in the hands of ignorant pretenders to the science of medicine, slow, but sure poisons; and the unhappy patients are worse off than in the days of chemical ignorance. Then they died of disease: modern physicians supersede the tedious process of death by disease, and kill by experiment. It is a painful reflection to him who may have devoted days, months, nay, years, to the discovery of some powerful chemical agent, to see suffering human nature robbed of the benefit of his labours, by the injudicious practice of ignorant physicians, who never fail to ascribe to the medicine, faults which are peculiarly their own. Let us place for a moment in *juxta-position*, even in imagination, a physician of the present caste with Pythagoras, Democedes, or Hippocrates, at the bedside of disease. What a contrast! In the one is a mind deeply read, not only in the philosophy of medicine, which he cultivates with the amiable and charitable view of relieving human infirmities, but also eminently in the philosophy of nature. In the other, a mind cramped by vulgar prejudices, which are ever the attendants of a limited education, and where medicine is cultivated, not as a science, but as a trade; and who too frequently neglect their poor unhappy patients, to pay court to the rich and proud hypochondriac.

We shall here pass over the physicians of the seventeenth and eighteenth century, our object not being a war with the dead, and come to those of our own time; the majority of whom, uninfluenced by any of those generous and noble feelings which actuated the physicians of antiquity, sport with the lives of human beings, as though designed by nature for experiment.

The facilities which some of the Scottish universities have afforded, in granting diplomas, have deluged the profession with a class of men unfitted for the lowest walk in the profession; not only ignorant of the higher branches of literature, so indispensable to a rational practice of physic, but of the common rudiments of a classical education. It is no uncommon thing to find these men in their little circles, where their

influence is paramount, contemning the writings of the fathers of physic, forsooth, because the circulation was then unknown, and chemistry untaught; but more correct reasons might be assigned, in the inability of vulgar minds to comprehend writings so much beyond their calibre. Experiment and chemical agents are the great fulcra upon which the moderns rest their superiority, regardless, in a great degree, of observation, the unerring guide of the ancients. By observation, we watch the changes which nature effects in her efforts at cure; by experiment, the effect of medicine upon disease. Experiment can never enable us to establish general truths in physiology, upon proofs, founded either on individuals or species. Our reasoning must be from analogy, and he who pretends to a knowledge of medicine independent of observation, however successful his practice may be, is but an empiric.

The science of medicine is one with which the public rarely busy themselves. Their minds, ever occupied with the passing events of the day, and the duties of their calling, can afford but little time, even if disposed, for the consideration of such an abstruse study. It is only at a time when the mind is least capable of exercising its reasoning faculties, when it is itself the subject of disease, that it bestows a thought upon it. The natural anxiety of man under disease, will prompt him to seek assistance wherever fancy tells him he shall receive it most speedily. Big with the hope of a rapid cure, he applies to the independent, high-minded physician, who, as he scorns to play the mountebank, and prescribe limits to disease, has his place soon filled up by those who are ever ready to cater to the feelings and foibles of their patients. Of this latter class, painful as the admission must be, is the majority of those men who now practise physic composed. For though there are some men in the profession, whose independence of fortune, as well as mind, places them above such buffooneries, they are like angels' visits. Sydenham's advice, to read Don Quixote and dance well, seems to be the text-book of the modern fashionable physician, whose acquirements are estimated by the elegance of his equipage. It is a strange, but incontrovertible fact, that whilst in worldly matters we are scrupulously tenacious of our own judgment, yet in that which is a matter of life or death to ourselves, we carelessly resign ourselves to the dictum of some fashionable dowager, whose seal of approbation is the ready passport to wealth for the young medical aspirant. We are all anxious to adapt our language and conduct to the habits and manners of those of our circle, and we find the tinsel ornament of the profession preferred to the more solid attainments, doubtless we will cultivate them. If there be still, and that there is few will deny, much uncertainty in medicine, the public, who it must be admitted are the sufferers, have to thank themselves; for whilst talent and industry are too frequently left to pine in want and indigence, the train of followers must be small, unless we can change the wants and appetences of human nature, as also the manners and habits of the time we live in. Medical men are generally men of small fortune, often of no fortune at all; and what is rather unfortunate for the philosophy of the profession, are possessed of all the wants and passions of human nature. As few embrace the profession from motives of philanthropy, the shortest road to an independent fortune will ever be the most crowded; and as the public are better pleased to be cajoled out of their money, they must also make up their minds to be cajoled out of their lives, a compromise, we fear, too often made for the acquirement of the former.

DELILLE AT THE CADRAN-BLEU.

THE remembrance of those persons with whom, or places with which we have been delighted in the joyous days of our youth, can seldom be entirely obliterated from our minds: we cling thereunto, as the perfume does around the vases from which it has been poured. The more lively and vivid the imagination of the individual the deeper is the impression, and the longer its effect.

Thus Delille delighted in his old days to recapitulate all those feasts of soul at which he had assisted in his younger years, when he made Paris, from one end to the other, resound with the melodious strains of his lyre.

But of all the parties, which were formed for the purpose of hearing the poet recite his verses, that which he always recalled to mind with the greatest enthusiasm, was a breakfast given in the year 1780, by a lady, whose lettering talents and high birth rendered her equally celebrated. The assemblage was composed of the most distinguished ladies, and the most talented wits of the age, and met at *le Cadran-Bleu*, on *le Boulevard du Temple*.

It was in this place that Delille, for the first time, repeated passages from his poem on the Imagination. It was there that he recited that beautiful episode in which he paints an artist lost in the catacombs of Rome, and first awoke that impression of profound and general enthusiasm, which ever after followed his literary career. This party was never re-called to the memory of Delille without awakening the most pleasurable sensations, and inspiring him with a predilection for *le Cadran Bleu*, which no after feeling could ever efface. Every year as soon as spring returned, he repaired thither with his more intimate friends, in order to take, what he called, a public dinner.

He loved to mingle with the numerous convivial mortals, whom he was sure to meet with there; to follow up the different conversations, which from time to time attracted his listening ear, and to analyze the many different remarks which he heard around him. He loved the very opposite dispositions which he encountered; the joy of some, the impatience of others, the politeness of these, and the rudeness of those. In a word, there ever was throughout the whole saloon, a movement, a life, an abundance, that striking the imagination by its amusing variety seemed, Delille was wont to say, "to restore the health, repair the nerves, and dispose the heart to open itself for the reception of all that can afford innocent delight."

The political troubles, which soon afterwards arose in France, forced Delille from his country, and deprived him of his favourite parties on *le Boulevard du Temple*. Oftentimes while he sojourned in London he would regret his dear *Cadran Bleu*.

But at length tranquilly returned to the land of his birth, he immediately repaired to Paris, and the first public visit which he paid was to the spot which was associated in his memory with so many pleasing recollections.

But his fame had spread abroad, and it was now almost an impossibility for him to make his public appearance without drawing around him a set of admirers, whose just but flattering encomiums

fatigued the native modesty of the poet. But this unfortunately was not the only deprivation which he was forced to endure, for about this time he had the misfortune to lose his sight.

There never, perhaps, lived a man, likely to suffer more from being shut out from the busy scene of the world than Delille; he seemed therein to regain a new zest for enjoyment, and fresh themes for his muse. "If I am" said he one day, "never more to be permitted to contemplate the azure vault wherein I find my *Delthyrambe sur l'immortalité de l'âme*; if I may never again enjoy the pleasing or imposing aspect of nature, I may at least listen to the accents of friendship; I may still mingle in the many stirring scenes of life, hearken to the joyous exclamations, and varying cries of this good people around me, and thus endeavour for a while to forget the infirmities of my age."

"Oh! my friends," added he to those who gathered round him, "do allow me once more, before I sleep for ever, to go and dine at the *Cadran-Bleu*."

In vain his friends represented to him that he would be recognized, and assailed on all sides by a delighted people, and that at his age it was only an act of imprudence to expose himself to the fatigues of such a public appearance.

His only reply to all their objections, was that of repeating with the suppliant voice of a child, that recalls some by-gone pleasure, "allow me once more to go and dine at *le Cadran Bleu*." How was it possible to resist these repeated solicitations; at length the faithful companion of Delille, whom the latter always called his Antigone, hit upon a plan by which he thought he might gratify the anxious desire of Delille without exposing him to the danger of mixing in public. He inhabited a large and spacious mansion in the Faubourg St. Germain, and this he resolved to arrange in such a manner, that Delille, when taken thither, might suppose that the object of his wishes had been gratified. At length to the inexpressible joy of Delille, the appointed day arrived: he had himself dressed as soon as he had arisen in the morning, and seemed to count every hour, which hindered him from descending into the herd, and being confounded with the numerous frequenters of *Le Boulevard du Temple*. At length the carriage arrived, and he drove off to the Faubourg St. Germain, with his three friends, and Madame Delille. There were already assembled, several members of the *Académie Française*, men of letters, celebrated artists, and a chosen party from the first theatres of the capital, who had distributed themselves into various groups, in order to amuse the worthy old gentleman, and make him believe that he was among those good people, whose gaiety he loved, and for whose presence he thirsted.

As soon as Delille descended from the carriage, he was saluted by the porter, who was let into the secret with the cry of "*Vent i des huitres? C'est du tout frais, du vrai Cancale.*"* "Certainly, certainly," cried the poet in the joyful delusion of the moment, "I will refuse nothing to-day."

He mounted the stairs, and, after traversing, by means of the arm of his friend, a large saloon, in which more than sixty persons were assembled, and all of whom seemed in earnest conversation, the blind poet cried out to his friend,

* Any oysters wanted: they are all fresh, real Cancale.

"Oh, this is the confusion, the bustle, which I love to folly! What a treat I shall have! what a renovated field of enjoyment will once again be opened for my mind to revel in! But let me have a seat. Garçon!"

He had no sooner uttered the last word, than one of the first actors of the Theatre Français advanced.

"What can I do to serve you, monsieur?"

"Could you not procure me a table, with three covers, in a little corner, apart from the crowd? But, nevertheless, let it be so situated, that I can hear what is passing around me in the room."

"There is a place just adapted for monsieur, vacant: it is in this corner, close to the chimney."

"That is just the thing I wanted. But tell me what is your name?"

"Paul, *chef de service*, and entirely at your commands."

"Well, well, my dear Paul, do you only serve us with attention, and you will not repent of having so done. Bring us the *carte*, and then a bottle of Sauterne; but let it be genuine. I would have you to know that I am an old *gourmet*."

"So much the better, monsieur; we have no fear on that head here."

They eat the oysters; to which succeeded the first course. This Delille chose from a *carte* that his friend read to him. During this a kind of dispute took place at a neighbouring table. Delille was all attention; yet he could gather no more than the repetition of the words *prime, usance, de livraisons à credit*.

"I hear," said the poet, smiling, "that we have some brokers and bankers at hand. It appears that there must have been a rise in the public funds this morning."

From another table arose, by degrees, the chatter of three women, whose immoderate laughter, and one or two wily turns in their conversation, led the poet to believe that they were the wives of rich wood-merchants, from the Ile Louviers, who, in the absence of their husbands, had come to repeat the cheer of *Les trois Commères*.

"Oh," cried Delille, "if I were only a young man, what pleasure I should feel just to provoke those three dames; just to dispute with them for one half hour. I never heard observations more original, or remarks more diverting."

As soon as the first service had been removed, Delille's friend intentionally raised his voice, and said,

"Well, well, my dear Delille, do you feel yourself comfortable?"

"Do not mention my name so loud. You will make me known, and I shall be forced to retire."

He had scarcely finished this sentence, when a member of the Academy came up to him, and, with the dialect of an inhabitant du port St. Bernard, exclaimed,

"Ah! what do I hear, sir? Monsieur is undoubtedly the great wine merchant in the Rue des Marmouzets, à la femme sans tête."

"No, sir, no; I am not a wine merchant: am I, my dear?" said he to Madame Delille, with the most gracious smile.

"Do not think to deceive me," said the academician. "I know my man, and many a good glass of wine have I drunk at his magazine, and I thank him for it. So, as I am going by the *diligence* to Auxerre, in two hours, if Monsieur Delille has any commands to give, he may de-

pend upon my exactitude. I am one of the brothers Bertrand, commissioners for these last two hundred years, father and son. I am known in every factory in France."

"I return you a thousand thanks," replied the poet, "but I have no need of your services."

At length the dessert arrived; and after it was finished, Delille called for the bill, which, instead of enumerating, as was customary, the various viands which had been called for, only contained these simple words:—

"The honour of receiving at my house the greatest poet in France, is my sweetest and my only reward.

"HENNEVEN, *Restaurateur*."

"What is this?" said the old man, rising up. "I cannot accept of this offer, for I have no title to any generosity from the master of this house."

"No little," replied a person, who immediately assumed the character of the *restaurateur*. "Ah, Monsieur Delille, you have a right to the admiration of every one who has a French heart in his bosom!"

"The honour," said the wife of his friend, representing herself as Madame Henneven, "of having the author of so many splendid works in our saloon, leaves us still his debtor;" and she took his hand and kissed it.

"My dear," said, in her turn, Madame Delille, "you must not, by a refusal, offend these kind-hearted people."

"Well," said he, "it is only then upon one condition; that is, that Monsieur and Madame Henneven will in turn come and take dinner with us."

After various compliments on both sides, Delille was prevailed upon not to insist upon paying his bill. He did not, however, forget the promise he had made to Paul, but presented him with six francs; and then, fearful that he should be recognized more generally, proposed to his Antigone to go and take coffee at *le Jardin Turc*.

They accordingly descended the stairs, and after walking about the same distance that intervened between *le Cadran Bleu* and *le Jardin Turc*, they conducted him on to a covered terrace. Various performers from *le Grand Salon* were there, ready to play their parts, and lead Delille to believe that he was really in one of the bowers of that public garden which opens on *le Boulevard du Temple*.

"Here one can breathe again," said the aged poet. "How I do love to feel the fresh breath of the flowers and the verdure of spring!"

He took his coffee with no small astonishment, for he declared it to be the best Mocha he had ever tasted; and he was a connoisseur therein.

"Oh," said his friend, "I often come hither with my family, and I am sure they would place before us the very best they have in the house."

"Will Messieurs take any ice?" said a celebrated painter, assuming the character of a waiter.

"Oh no," said Madame to Delille, "it would not be good for you."

"Quite the contrary," said the old man; "it is a most excellent tonic. Garçon, what ices have you?"

"Monsieur may choose for himself. We have every kind that he can possibly wish for:—à la vanille, à la fraise, à la framboise, au

citron, à la pistache, sorbet au rhum, au marasquin, crème à la Jacques Delille."

"What—what," said he, with an involuntary emotion, "what is that which you call *crème à la Jacques Delille*?"

"It is a melange of the most rare and choice description, blended together with the most exquisite taste: nothing, though it is a most expensive article, is more in vogue. Young poets, above all, are particularly fond of it. They pretend that it inspires them with the greatest brilliancy of ideas. If Monsieur will allow me to offer him one, I flatter myself that he will be delighted therewith."

"Let it be so," said Delille, and the garçon tripped away to execute the order, which turned out to be no other than *une crème aux ananas*. But the delighted poet declared that he never had, in the whole course of his life, tasted any thing half so delicious.

Soon after were heard the sounds of a harp.

"Hither, come," said Madame Delille, "the two young Languedocian brothers, who have for some time past paraded the streets of Paris, and gathered together around them every passer by."

At this moment two young men placed themselves before Delille, and while one preluded upon the harp the other cried out:—

"Ladies and gentlemen, we shall now have the honour of singing before you the famous canticle of St. Jaques. That is not *Jacques l'Hermite*, nor *Jacques de Compostelle*, nor *Jacques le Mineur*, but *Jacques le Majeur*, or in other words, Jacques Delille, at once the Homer and Virgil of French poetry."

The harps immediately vibrated beneath the touch of the young artists, and they added thereunto, with most delicious voice, the entire life of the poet, from his infancy in Limarque up to his last return to Paris.

As soon as it was finished, Delille seized the arm of his Antigone.

"Let us hence, let me avoid these public testimonies of homage, they are more than I can bear, and I am sure they were all arranged before hand. You have betrayed me;—let us hence."

"It is but too true," replied his friend; "they were all arranged before hand; but fear no intrusion from those who are around you. You you are not on le Boulevard du Temple."

"What do you say?"

"We have not dined at *le Cadran Bleu*."

"What do you mean?"

"You have dined, my dear Deville, at my house, in the bosom of my family and friends, who for five hours have represented various characters in order to amuse you."

"It is impossible," cried Deville, "that I could be so deceived. They could not have maintained the different accents, the volubility, the frank gaiety of the French nation!"

"Yet nothing can be more true," said he who had filled the roll of *Commissionnaire de vins*. "It was I who lodged you in the *Rue des Marmouzets à la femme sans tête*."

"You can remember Paul," said one of the first comic actors of the Theatre Francais. "Paul, chef de service, to whom you gave a dollar of six franks, and which he requests the permission to keep for the remainder of his life."

"And we are the brokers and bankers who led you to believe that there was a rise in the stocks this morning."

"And we," added the wives of the above gentlemen, "were *les trois commères de l'île houviers*."

"It is I who sung you the canticle of St. Jaques," said he who was at that time called in France the modern Orpheus.

"And I," continued one of the first of punsters, "was the waiter who recommended to you *le crème à la Jaques Delille*."

"In conclusion," said the lady of the mansion, "it was I who represented Madame Henneven; who declared to you that it was impossible for her to accept the amount of the bill, and who had good reasons for saying that the honor of receiving you at her house was the only recompense she could accept of."

"Good heavens!" cried Deville, "how can I express what I feel. Have so many, then, joined together to amuse an old man. It is only in France that such a delicious deception would ever have been practised. My friends, my brothers, and ye ladies, of whose presence I feel the delightful influence, would that I could once again behold you; would that you could only feel one half of the delight which I at this moment enjoy. Oh, when I shall be no more, one and all of you may with every truth say, *we have prolonged the career of the blind poet; it was among us that Delille passed the happiest day of his life*."

NOTES OF THE MONTH.

THE BATH ELECTION.*—Bath has become a bone of no common contention—a source of struggle that has not been conducted very temperately, though it promises to terminate very profitably, and as all true reformers must wish it should do.

The history of the contest may be told in a word. Mr. Hobhouse, a banker and occasional visitor (not a resident, as the *Times* styles him,) of Bath, offers himself to the electors of that city, backed by the influence of government, and recommended with all the ardour of after-dinner eloquence, by his brother, Sir John Cam, and Sir Francis Burdett. He is found out, on his first examination, to be a gentleman of the good old school, who desires distinction and cares little about independence—who has no fixed principle, save that of supporting the ministry that patronizes him—and whose opinions vary so obligingly with those of his questions, that he promises to vote for the maintenance of a thing one day, and the abolition of it another. The majority of the Bath electors happen to be liberals, and moreover, conscientious and resolute; they consequently requested Mr. Hume to recommend them a candidate more to their taste, more able and more willing to grapple with the many great questions which must be satisfactorily set at rest before their country, Ireland, or the colonies, can attain a moment's tranquillity—and thus to relieve them from the ministerial incubus which promised to sit upon, and weigh down their enemies for seven long years.

* The above "Note" was accidentally omitted last month. We insert it now, late as it is, because we are anxious to have our say upon the subject.

Mr. Hume, of whose integrity and independence, no less than of whose indefatigable industry, the public have had unequivocal proofs, obeyed a requisition very numerous and respectably signed, and introduced to the electors of Bath, Mr. Roebuck, a gentleman whom, to our own knowledge, some of the most exalted men in this country place in the foremost rank, both as regards intellect and character; to whose qualifications the *Examiner* and the *True Sun* bear honest testimony, and of whom the editor of the *Chronicle* thus delivers his opinion.

"We know that his most intimate friends are among the most honoured men of the community; that among these men he is held in high esteem—and that his name and writings must have been familiar to the very persons who declared that they knew nothing about him. The friends of Mr. Roebuck are well known, as forming a body of the most remarkable political writers of any age or country. They certainly, more than any others, have produced the greatest revolutions that have taken place within the last fifteen years in the public mind of England; and by those even who most fear and hate them, they are invariably allowed to be men of a peculiarly bold and original character of mind—searching, and closely logical reasoners—patient in investigation, possessed of commanding knowledge, and of intellects, in the most extensive sense of the phrase, philosophic and masterly."

This gentleman, thus known, thus recommended, thus qualified, is eagerly and enthusiastically welcomed by a majority of the electors, and his success may be considered all but certain.

All this is rather pleasant to reformers, than remarkable to any body; but the affair has been made a subject of discussion from one end of the kingdom to the other, by the false light which has been shed upon it by that political *ignis fatuus* the *Times*, and by sundry little twinkling journals in the Whig interest. By these Mr. Hume has been branded as a traitor to the popular cause and an enemy to his country," a "pushing, interloping gentleman," a creator of divisions among the Reform interests, an entertainer of insane crotchets, and a notorious committer of blunders. Mr. Roebuck, of whom it was found inconvenient to say more than could be helped, is coolly and contemptuously designated as "his apprentice." Such is Whig folly and Whig fury. Surely, the annals of insolence, ignorance, and meanness, contain no record of anything more preposterous and contemptible than the conduct of the falsely styled "leading journal" upon this occasion. Its attack upon Mr. Hume marks it out as a paper destitute alike of patriotic and gentlemanly feeling—as corrupt and subservient in principle, as it is vulgar and arrogant in temper. The miserable spite of the allusion to the Greek loan and Dr. Bowring, is only equalled by the affectation of not knowing any thing at all about Mr. Roebuck. The affair altogether, degrading as it is to one portion of the press, is instructive and encouraging to the rest—and not less so to the people at large; as it shews not only what certain ex-radicals, now high-Whigs, are driving at, but how weak and powerless they are in the midst of their audacious and ignorant effrontery.

STATE OF THE CONTINENT.—During the past month many important changes have occurred in the affairs of the various European nations.

The long protocolled affair of the free navigation of the Scheldt by the people of Belgium is now about to be settled by an appeal to arms,

which promises to draw on most important events. The combined fleets of England and France are at this time assembling for the blockade of the waters of Holland, and a large body of the troops of France is about to enter the Belgic territory, to assist in the reduction of the citadel of Antwerp. This fortress, as commanding the navigation of the Scheldt, is of the utmost importance to the commerce of the people of Belgium, for without a free and unshackled communication with the sea, no country can in modern times exist as an independent nation, and the Scheldt is the Thames of Belgium. But a more important part of the present warlike demonstrations against the King of Holland is in the acquiescence or opposition of the Northern powers of Russia, Austria, and Prussia, to the revolutionary principle of the division of the Holy Alliance kingdom of the Netherlands. For more than two years the diplomatic hypocrisy of the Northern court has baffled the exertions of Ministers of England and France to settle the final terms of the separation of Belgium and Holland; and it is now apparent that the despotic monarchs have been awaiting the progress of events in expectation that the growing unpopularity of Louis Philippe, and the internal distractions arising from the question of reform in England, would afford an opportunity for the re-establishment of the kingdom of the Netherlands, and the throne of Charles X. We trust, however, that a continuation of the firm union between England and France, and the great increase of weight, energy, and ascendancy which our reformed institutions will confer upon this country, will dispel the evil influence of the despotic principle, and that before another year the world will witness the triumphant re-establishment of the liberties of Germany, Italy, and even of unhappy Poland.

The internal affairs of France continue in a threatening situation. The Cabinet which, since the death of Casimir Perier, had remained unsettled, has at length been new-modelled, chiefly from the party of the Doctrinaires, statesmen of a nondescript genus, who bear a resemblance to no party in this country. Thus, with a Cabinet of unpopular and drivelling Doctrinaires, and a monarch without courage or decision, universal dissatisfaction reigns throughout France, and it is probable that another great revolution is hastening to its development. The Chambers meet in the early part of the ensuing month, and as a majority is not anticipated in favour of the court, it is not an improbable event that a resignation by Louis Philippe of the crown of France will be the consequence of his incapacity or unwillingness to head the march of liberty.

The decrees of the German Diet for the extinction of the liberty of the press appear to meet with little opposition; and so heavy is the arm of despotism in Germany, that the progress of events in England and France alone appear to promise any redemption from slavery to the German people.

In Portugal the contest between the rival tyrants of Braganza remain without material alteration. A vigorous assault upon Oporto, made by the troops of Don Miguel on the 30th September, having proved unsuccessful, his troops have now withdrawn, and no important movement is therefore anticipated before the ensuing spring. In the interim strong reinforcements are proceeding from England, Belgium, and France in support of Pedro.

FUGITIVES IN AMERICA.—We perceive by the recent American papers, that a person named Thomas Sherry, who absconded with money from his employers Messrs. Martins, Stone, and Co. the Bankers of London, has been arrested in the States, and compelled to surrender his plunder. Instructions having been sent out to arrest him, he was traced says the New York Advertiser, to the town of Jordan in that State, whither he had gone by the North River route, and being taken by a civil process, he gave up the greater part of the money, and communicated information which led to the apprehension of his accomplices, who also surrendered their share of the plunder.

We mention these circumstances for the purpose of explaining the true nature of the peculiarity in the legal system of the United States, by which fugitives to that country are exempted from criminal proceedings for offences committed beyond the jurisdiction of the union, and cannot be brought back for trial to any other country. It is for purposes strictly political, and to assert the inviolability of the soil of the United States, as a sanctuary to the victims of the oppression of foreign governments, that the constitution recognizes no authority for the abstraction of strangers from the country. But whilst this has been found to be a liberal, humane, and wise regulation, with reference to political fugitives, it is much regretted by all enlightened Americans themselves, that the indiscriminate nature of the principle, tends undoubtedly to shield the perpetrators of many private crimes. It may not however be generally known, that to remedy this inconvenience in the constitution, the state legislatures of almost all the States upon the Atlantic seaboard have passed laws, imposing very heavy fines, and severe imprisonment upon the commanders, owners, or agents of vessels, who shall knowingly, and without due precaution, bring into such State any convict, fugitive, or person of bad character. The amount of the fine and imprisonment varies in the several States; the laws of New Hampshire imposing a fine of five hundred dollars, and an imprisonment of six months; and that of South Carolina, an imprisonment of six months, and a fine of two hundred dollars. A more general knowledge of the existence of these regulations in the States, would tend to diminish the facilities now enjoyed by criminal fugitives, and the prosecution of a few of the commanders of vessels, who unlawfully, and for a large consideration, knowingly facilitate the escape of persons flying from the course of justice, would go far to prevent the recurrence of the evil. It is also due to our transatlantic brethren to acknowledge that the existence of these regulations, tends to remove the stigma which has long attached to the indiscriminate reception of all fugitives from Europe, since it is apparent that the law in proclaiming the inviolability and independence of the United States, is yet solicitous to provide against the abuse of a high and hospitable feeling, towards the foreign victims of arbitrary power.

FUNERAL OF THOMAS HARDY.—This venerable patriot and distinguished and persecuted reformer, the founder of the "Corresponding Society of London," departed this life in the course of the last month, and received the well-merited honour of a public funeral. Although not distinguished by great talents, eminent station, or the gifts of fortune, this patriotic man had been destined to appear in one of the most momentous scenes in which justice, liberty, and the spirit of

intelligence ever contended with the minions of arbitrary power. The indictment in which, in the year 1794 he was included with Horne Tooke, Thelwall, Holcroft and other patriotic leaders, was framed upon the atrocious doctrine of constructive treason, and supported in a speech of nine hours in duration, by Sir John Scott, the Attorney General of the day. The entire proceedings in the trial were marked by the base subornation, and blood-thirsty subserviency to arbitrary rule, which marked the proceedings of the sanguinary Jefferies, or the modern courts of Portugal or Turkey. Indeed the diabolical attempt of the Attorney General to pack the jury for the destruction of his victims, was never fully disclosed to the public during even the thirty eight years which have elapsed since the event, until the oration of Mr. Thelwall at the grave of his compatriot Hardy, revealed this almost unparalleled attempt at judicial murder. Yet so enslaved has been the condition of this country, that this same Sir John Scott, has through a long life been covered with the honours of the law, and amassed the largest stores of wealth ever acquired by any professional adventurer. It is consoling to reflect, that however the remnant of the life of this unwearied advocate of slavery may be passed, whatever storied urn or animated bust may be raised to him, he must in vain look for so honourable a resting-place, as the grave of the virtuous und persecuted Hardy.

THE DURHAM EMBASSY.—Lord Durham who had been dispatched for the benefit of his health, to the Court of Russia, is at length returned from that pleasant summer excursion. For what other purposes, than to amuse his mind in consequence of the death of his daughter, this son in law of the premier was sent within a few days after that event, and with a retinue of six carriages, and twenty-two post horses, upon a mission to the Court of Russia, we are altogether at a loss to discover. We perceive indeed from the German Papers that in the diplomatic circles of the continent, his advent has been very generally considered as the consequence of his domestic calamities, and the exertions to amuse the Noble Lord, have accordingly displayed unusual splendour. He would appear certainly to have effected no public object by his most expensive mission, for we find no revocation of the savage outrages of Russia, upon the unfortunate patriots of Poland, subjugated by the whig subsidy of five millions and a half, but on the contrary, a military tribunal is about to be established for the trial and execution by martial law, of the yet unslaughtered remnant of that unfortunate band of heroes. Nor would his ambassadorial labours appear to have influenced in any manner the settlement of the affairs of Belgium and Holland, for the flames of universal war, appear to be about to burst forth, notwithstanding the six carriages, and the twenty-two post horses of my Lord Durham. The expenses of this mission are said to amount to the sum of fifty thousand pounds, but as the Noble Lord is possessed of a large private fortune, we trust that the Reformed Parliament will “refuse the supplies” for this palpable family job.

THE ELECTIONS.—Among the complicated, needless, and unintelligible clauses in the Reform Bill, the registration of voters, apparently a very simple process, cannot be completed before the 11th December; the elections therefore cannot take place before the middle of winter.

The expenditure for the barristers in the process of registration is computed by Col. Stanhope, to amount to the sum of £200,000, and the entire cost in subsequent appeals, and other litigation, will probably exceed half a million of money. Very numerous electioneering meetings have occurred in the course of the last month in the counties, and the metropolitan boroughs, the whole of which have been pervaded by the utmost enthusiasm in favour of the vote by ballot. The tyrannical conduct of the Duke of Newcastle, and the other boroughmongering Lords, has reconciled all ranks and classes to the adoption of this measure, as the real and only shield to the freedom of election. There now remains no doubt that the new House of Commons will be composed of a numerous majority of sound reformers, though the tories are making the most strenuous efforts for the return of the principle champions of the old order of corruption. Amongst these, the notorious member for his own breeches pocket, has started in opposition to Mr. Western, the enlightened member for Essex, and Lord Henley, a fat corruptionest of the chancery stye, has appeared in the field in opposition to the invaluable member for Middlesex, though only to excite the laughter of the public, at the presumptuous efforts of this protégé of the Earl of Eldon. It is also amongst the signs of the times, that the pledges required from the popular candidates very generally include the abolition of tythes, the repeal of the corn laws, and the question of an hereditary peerage.

THE ANNUALS.—EVERY second day of the past month has produced its event in the shape of an Annual. "They come like clouds," volumes of golden vapour; and promise to be as numerous as ever. As far as we can yet judge of them, they may be at least pronounced to be severally and collectively worthy of their precursors, both in external beauty, and in the elegancies of art and literature. Their only fault is, not that they should be no better than their predecessors, but that they should be precisely like them. Any change, even for the worse, would have lessened our weariness, and excited us into something like decided criticism. However, we shall give our Annual Chapter in the December number, which will include notices of all that have reached us, including *Friendship's Offering*, with its pretty collection of prints; Miss Sheridan's *Comic*, with some cuts that have never been transcended by Cruickshank; a sprightly and right pleasant volume by the editor of *Figaro in London*; the *Amulet*, with a set of unrivalled plates, and a series of articles that possess that lasting charm of agreeableness and utility which all the rest of the Annuals want; and Mrs. Hall's *Juvenile*, strengthened by an alliance with Ackermann's, and graced with first-rate merits of verse, prose, and picture.

MONTHLY REVIEW OF LITERATURE.

RECORDS OF MY LIFE. BY THE LATE JOHN TAYLOR, ESQ. 2 VOL. 8VO.
LONDON. 1832.

WHATEVER it might please us, or however we might feel it to be our duty to speak of this book, we should assuredly in no measure injure its sale, or decrease its popularity.

Whether it be an infirmity of our nature, a laudable curiosity, or a desire for information, we know not; but certain it is, that works of this kind, made up, as they are, of gossiping stories and anecdotes of actors, second and third rate authors,—loose fellows about town, sometimes called wits—and ladies of all complexions and degrees of virtue, and other qualifications—are far more interesting to the general reader, than a grave analysis of human nature, or a profound essay on the springs of human action.

The name of John Taylor is probably well known to most of our readers. He was for many years proprietor of the *Sun* newspaper; and being an easy and pleasant companion (although afflicted by an incurable complaint of punning), found ready access to a great variety of that peculiar company, whose integral parts were composed of the people we have before alluded to.

Of Mr. Taylor's qualifications, however, as a companion, we can only speak from hearsay. What we have at present to do with, is his book, which contains, indeed, a vast variety of anecdotes of persons, with whom, by the bye, and with whose wit and humour, we should have thought the world had been already nauseated. Others, again, whose peculiar merits, such as they are or were, had been previously hidden from us, occasionally exhibit an absurd arrogance, and a self-complacent assumption of superiority, which alternately divert and disgust us.

Now, we could have wished, when a blockhead was about to be led forward for our inspection, that Mr. Taylor had possessed that discriminating power which had enabled him to perceive the asinine qualities of his specimen; but, unfortunately, the author produces the individual with a grave face, and, in many instances, calls upon us to admire him as a very Solomon or a perfect Hector.

While, then, we receive a great portion of Mr. Taylor's book as a faithful account of what he has heard and seen, we beg to form our own opinions of the persons who compose the staple of his book; and which we acknowledge his perfect right to believe Dr. Monsey and Peter Pindar (Dr. Walcot) humourists and wits of the first water, we humbly beg to be permitted to consider the former an arrogant old blockhead; and the latter an envious and malignant buffoon.

Let us justify our opinion. Dr. Monsey was, fifty years ago, physician to Chelsea Hospital, and has long ago fallen into almost entire oblivion. Among many other good things said by the Doctor, Mr. Taylor relates, that "Monsey had a great contempt for Warburton, whose learning he distrusted, and whose abilities he despised;" and that "Dr. Monsey told me, that he placed Mr. Burke in a ludicrous situation, soon after the first publication of his work on the *Sublime and Beautiful*." Meeting Mr. Burke, I believe, at Mrs. Montague's, he said, with his usual blunt sincerity, 'Mr. Burke, I have read your work on the Sublime, but I don't understand it. To me it appears to be nothing but 'about it, goddess, and about it.' What do you mean by sublime? *It seems to me inconsistent with nature and common sense.*'

"The company looked on Mr. Burke, anxious for his answer. The Doctor said he seemed to be a little puzzled and embarrassed, and only said, in answer, 'There is certainly a sublime in nature, though I cannot at once define it.'"

So much for "the immortal, but forgotten" Monsey, who "despised the abilities" of the Bishop of Gloucester, and puzzled Mr. Burke.

"True, no meaning puzzles more than sense."

Let us hear what Dr. Wolcot has to say.

"After dinner, Curran and Wolcot drew close to each other, and entered into conversation. Curran introduced the subject of painting, and expressed his peculiar notions and views. After hearing him for some time, the Doctor suddenly arose and left the room. As I came with him, I followed him, to know if he was taken ill, or wished then to return to town. I found he was *disgusted with the conversation of Curran*, exclaiming, 'Talk of Dr. Numpshull—he would cut into a dozen such fellows as Curran.'"

Dr. Numpshull would, no doubt, have agreed with his friend Wolcot upon this point.

Nor was Wolcot's distrust of Curran's abilities assuaged after many years. Speaking of Curran, "Dr. Wolcot expressed great disgust at his presuming frivolity, and declared he would not insult his magpie by offering her that fellow's brains for a dinner."

The worst of our author is, that he appears to have imbibed the opinions of these persons—if that can be called opinion which is clear envy and sheer malignity—as though they were sincere and acute remarks, and estimates of character and talents. Accordingly, we not unfrequently discover Mr. Taylor setting up critic and cynic on his own account. He also thinks slightly of Warburton; opines that Burke has been very much over-rated; and denounces the "Essay on Man" as "an inconsistent jumble of religion and philosophy."

But in spite of these things, which of themselves let us into a private view of human character, and the failings, weaknesses, and follies incident thereto, the present work is light and amusing enough; and we do not know, at this dead season of the year, a book more likely to be welcome to the great majority of those who delight in the fugitive literature of the day.

OUR ISLAND: COMPRISING THE FORGERY AND THE LUNATIC. 3 VOLS. 8vo. LONDON. 1832.

WE can see no more propriety in giving the name of "Our Island" to the present work, than in calling it *Our Grandmother*:—but let that pass. The three volumes of which it is composed, comprise two tales, "The Forgery" and "The Lunatic;" "written," the author informs us, "to illustrate some striking defects of our jurisprudence."

We could have wished, for the author's sake, and for the sake of the popularity of his work, that he had said nothing about the indirect design aimed at in the excellent tales which he has written. The novel reading world will no more be instructed, through the medium of a novel, than the play-going public will consent to be charitable, at the same time that it is to be entertained.

We must confess, also, that our author's first tale no more illustrates that striking defect of our jurisprudence—the punishment of death for forgery—than any individual instance that may be casually adduced from our criminal trials.

The plot of the story is simply this:—A young Bedfordshire squire, upon coming to his father's estate, is horrified at learning that a mortgage contracted during his father's life, to the amount of 15,000*l.*, has not been paid off, and that the deed lies in the hands of two respectable solicitors of the place, who had formerly been the professional advisers of his father. Mr. Mortimer also learns that the deed of mortgage has been assigned to a Mr. Priminheere, a gentleman in the neighbourhood, who, for reasons not necessary here to particularize, has conceived a deadly hatred towards him.

Mr. Mortimer having gained a large sum of money at a gaming-table, is enabled to redeem his estate, and returns from Paris for that purpose. Before, however, this can be effected, he contrives to make away with his newly-acquired money, by standing for the county, and by heavy bets at Newmarket;

and eventually, when he comes to pay off the demand upon his estate, he passes 5,000*l.* in forged notes, to Mr. Priminheere, at the same time that that gentleman hands him over the deed of mortgage, which, it subsequently appears, is also forged:—so that there is a double forgery committed by two gentlemen of landed property in Bedfordshire—a reciprocal exchange of villainy at the same moment.

Mr. Priminheere, however, by his superior skill and rascality, contrives to remain undiscovered till his death, but in the mean time prosecutes Mortimer, who is found guilty, left for execution, and escapes by the timely discovery of a flaw in the indictment!

Now, leaving altogether out of the question the probability of this story, we do not see in what manner it exemplifies the striking defect of punishment for death. Here are two men, either or both of whom ought to be made signal examples of, whatever the punishment might be; and it is our opinion, that, so far from having imagined cases (as he ought to have done) wherein the injustice and the hardship of the punishment should be strikingly exemplified, he has contrived to furnish us with two instances in which, if any, the punishment of death should have been strictly enforced.

"The Lunatic" is a much better tale in every respect. A young gentleman, the son of a Tory baronet, very much perplexes his worthy parent, by the unserved propounding and promulgation of Radical principles, insomuch that his father conceives it to be a case of monomania, and decides upon placing him under gentle restraint. Calling to his aid two worthies, an apothecary and a physician, whose respective names are Squaggs and Welkin, he succeeds, or rather they, without his knowledge or consent, contrive to immure the young man in one of those lunatic asylums—so called, we presume, from the peculiar pains there taken to make their inmates mad as soon after their arrival as possible, and to keep them so as long as the "friends" of the patients, or their own particular interests, require it.

This is, indeed, an excellent tale—well told—with variety of incidents and character, and with much humour. Not to speak in disparagement of the first tale, we must confess that we have been highly pleased with the second; and we think that our readers' time will be amply repaid by a perusal of both.

FAMILY LIBRARY, No. XXXV. LIFE OF PETER THE GREAT. LONDON. 1832.

THE author of this work has done little more than put in another form the multiplicity of materials, with which various authors have furnished him, for a life of Peter the Great. We are bound in justice to say, that he has performed his task in the best possible manner.

The Life of the Czar Peter presents an interesting study to the reader, in more points than one. That a man, himself ignorant, should have been the first to encourage and to foster the arts and sciences in his own country; that he should have made himself a great general, and an expert seaman, and have been the first to teach his people the arts of war; to have created a powerful fleet, and to have attempted and succeeded in changing entirely the manners and habits of his country;—and all this, more by the instinct of a plain energy of character, than out of the workings of a great or comprehensive genius;—a character like this must be interesting to all—to the student, to the historian, and to the philosopher. If to such a man the term "Great" be not applicable, (and some have doubted whether he has deserved that title,) to whom can it fairly or with more honour attach?

THE WORTHIES OF YORKSHIRE AND LANCASHIRE. BY HARTLEY COLERIDGE. PART I. LONDON: 1832.

Mr. Coleridge, in an exceedingly well-written introductory essay, has deemed it necessary to vindicate the usefulness and importance of biography, upon the

plea that history is too general and comprehensive a study to be practically efficient by the same means, which are open and devoted to biography. His book, we conceive, demanded no such apology. Biography can stand upon its own claims and merits without leaning against the vast pedestal of history for its support.

We read biography because, as Mr. Coleridge well and truly says, "it tends to keep the eye of man upon his own heart, upon the sphere of his immediate duties, of those duties, where his affections are to be exercised and regulated, and which, considering man as a person, consider him as sentient, intelligent, moral and immortal."

The lives comprised in the first part, now before us, are those of Andrew Marvell—of the famous Dr. Bentley—of Lord Fairfax, and of the celebrated James, Earl of Derby.

We do not know when we have read a book which we so much like as the present. The author has treated the lives of these great men strictly according to their deserts; with eloquence, impartiality and thorough fairness.

In spite of a tory leaning or bias, which we might fairly have presupposed that he had inherited from his father, we find that he has been just to Marvell and to Fairfax. Nor has he attempted, as some indiscriminate and uncandid admirers have done, to gloss over the great demerits—the shameful and sorry and lamentable meannesses of the still great Dr. Bentley. For our own parts—liberals though we confess ourselves to be—we can applaud and admire the generous, the heroic loyalty of the Earl of Derby; and it will, indeed, be an ill time for England, when qualities like these, and spirits such as these, no longer find a hearty sympathy and a fervent response from her countrymen.

We are sure that Mr. Hartley Coleridge's work must, or ought to be, popular.

MEMOIR OF THE LATE CAPTAIN PETER HEYWOOD. BY EDWARD TAGART.
LONDON: 1832.

To some people, chiefly those of the naval profession, the life of Captain Heywood will be thought interesting; by the general reader we fear that it will not be so considered.

Captain Heywood was a midshipman on board the *Bounty*, at the period of the mutiny, and although not really or criminally implicated, was brought, with others, to a court martial, found guilty, and sentenced to death; but was recommended to mercy. He afterwards re-entered the navy, and by gradual promotion, the fruit of honourable desert, arrived to the rank of captain.

That Captain Heywood was a most deserving and meritorious officer, and a highly estimable man, there cannot be the least doubt; we fear, however, that his peculiar services and merits are too little known, to render a memoir of him either profitable to the author, or important to the public.

We must protest against the bad taste of the author, in reprinting the character of Agricola as drawn by Tacitus, and supposing that an "interesting and striking resemblance is to be traced" between it and the character of Captain Heywood.

Such an exhibition is only calculated to excite ridicule, and to provoke comparisons that are any thing but agreeable to dwell upon. We have, most of us, a nose upon our face, and in that particular may be said to resemble Agricola.

BECKET, AND OTHER POEMS. LONDON: 1832.

The days of poetry, like those of chivalry, are no more; and the hapless wight who ventures upon his Pegasus, now-a-days, is looked upon as a literary Quixote who has gone forth to tilt at windmills and to destroy puppets for the especial honour and glory of a visionary Dulcinea. We are quite convinced that this volume will never be popular, and equally sure that had it been published a few years ago, it would, at least, have been received with respect and gratitude, if not rewarded with praise and profit.

Not that we by any means are inclined to think that the historical play of "Becket," is of itself sufficient to entitle the author to a very great share of praise. There is not sufficient action in it as a play for representation, nor is there poetry enough to make it interesting to the reader as a poetical composition. The author had, doubtless, good taste enough to perceive, that wherever else poetry is desirable and pleasant, it is quite out of place in a dramatic effort. But on the other hand, there is not much vigour of language—no very striking incident or situation—no strong delineation of character. Again; why does the author, a man of taste and genius, as we perceive him to be, encourage the slipshod, loose, and feeble versification of the present time, instead of attempting the nervous, sweet, expressive, and masterly versification of Shakespeare and Marlowe? We have said enough to show that the play of Becket is not a good one.

But in the minor poems the author is in his element. They are all, without exception, beautiful. "The Men of England;" "The Invocation," and "The Portrait," are worthy of men who have gained, long ago, their hard-earned reputation. We cannot refrain from quoting a sonnet by way of specimen. We consider it a fair sample of our author.

"Calm self-devotion, firmness, daring! powers
Whose life-breath is the storm of shaken times,
Bright steps are ye, by which ambition climbs
To her high station, among Fame's proud towers.
About your feet lie many wreathed bowers,
Where peace hath built her little hut of earth,
Twining it round with thousand idle flowers;
And there, with so much graveness as just gives
A grace to smiles, plain-heartedly she lives.
'Tis happiest to be humble, and in mirth
To trifle, not unwisely, the swift hours;
Using them as young children, train'd to shew
The future, opening into ripen'd worth,
Nor unenjoy'd in budding beauty, now."

We are glad to see this volume dedicated to Mr. Coleridge. It is a graceful tribute of respect to a man who has not, as yet, been more than half appreciated by his countrymen.

LA FAYETTE, LOUIS-PHILIPPE, AND THE REVOLUTION OF 1830. Two Vols.
12mo. LONDON: 1832.

The present curious and interesting work has been so much criticized and so amply and ably reviewed in other quarters, and, moreover, so many extracts have been given or rather taken from it, that it would be almost superfluous, even if we had space, to do more than bear willing testimony to the propriety and justice of the encomiums which have been passed upon it.

The present work is divided into three several portions. The first comprises a review of La Fayette's life from his birth to the revolution of 1830; the second contains the history of La Fayette and Louis-Philippe during that revolution, and the last comprehends a survey of La Fayette and Louis Philippe after the revolution.

We shall not dwell upon the private or public reasons which have induced the author, Mons. Sarrans, to give this work to the world; he has stated them very ably, and, so far as the public is concerned, very satisfactorily, in his preface. We think that there can be no doubt whatever of the fidelity or integrity of the author; and whatever motives might induce General La Fayette and other parties concerned, to wish that it had been kept back, cannot in the least impugn or call in question any one statement contained in it.

Considered as a history of the interesting and eventful period, just past we think that this production must be held to be perfect and complete, and the execution of it, as a literary work, is deserving of all praise.

We should be withholding a justice from the translator if we neglected to state that his translation is in every respect admirable; by which we mean not only that it is excellent, *quasi* a translation, but that the composition is *per se* elegant and masterly.

CRAVEN DERBY, AN HISTORICAL LEGEND. 2 VOLS. LONDON. 1832.

THE demand for romances and novels must needs be great indeed when it answers a man's purpose to write and publish a production like "Craven Derby."

This romance, so called, includes, "The Ladye of the Rose," an historical legend relating to the founder of the house of Derby; and is, accordingly, laid in the time of the Crusades under Richard, Cœur de Lion.

It is very diffusely and poorly written; but the rage for articles of this kind is of so insatiate a nature at present, that no prediction can be hazarded as to the success of such a work, or the interest that may attach to it.

The author, in his introductory address, attempting philosophically to account for the occasional coincidences to be found in great authors, says,

"The mind of man is so *versatile* and *soaring*, that though two men may imagine an idea, and embody it as like as two proof engravings, yet their conception of it may still be original." We do not know how the reader may relish such a defence, but we do not think that the author of "Craven Derby" stands in need of it. We do not discover any resemblance to "Ivanhoe," or "The Crusaders," in his book.

SETATISTICS OF FRANCE. BY LEWIS GOLDSMITH. LONDON. 1832.

It is very possible that many of our readers are unacquainted with the name of Lewis Goldsmith, the author of the present work; who, however, although he has not come before the English public for some years, was, nevertheless, at one time well known as one of the most vehement and furious anti-Buonapartists in this country.

Mr. Goldsmith, besides having published various works of a political nature, such as "The Secret History of the Cabinet of Buonaparte,"—"Conduct of France towards America," and some others, was the editor of the "Anti-Gallican Monitor," which he conducted for a very long period. The spread of liberal opinions, however, if it has not caused him to change his political sentiments, has at least influenced him in modifying his expression of them; and Mr. Goldsmith is anxious to assure his readers, that in none of his previous works has he ever written a line in favour of despotism.

The present production was, it appears, undertaken under the auspices of the Count de Villele, the then Minister of Charles X., to whom it is dedicated.

Whatever Mr. Goldsmith's political opinions may be, or whatever bias or prejudice he may discover in favour of the late monarchy in France, and however he may deplore the late revolution in that country,—and in all these points we should be inclined to be at issue with him, we cannot but acknowledge that he has collected a vast deal of curious and useful information, and that his book ought to be read attentively by all who are desirous of making themselves thoroughly acquainted with the matters of which it treats. The typography of the work is perfectly correct, although it has been printed in France.

AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

The business of harvest, some time since concluded in the most forward districts, will no doubt, have a universal finish in the end of the current month. It commenced early and suddenly, and would have had an equally sudden termination but for the notable and universally noted, ten to fourteen days rain on the end of August, and in some parts, the 1st and 2d of September. The wheat seed season following the harvest, has been somewhat retarded by the similar cause. The commencement of wheat sowing, however, is various in different districts, whether from experimental causes in regard to soil and climate, or

whether it may be the mere consequence of local custom and prejudice; in some parts, no doubt of such consequence, nevertheless, the above causes must necessarily have their natural and proportionate effects, and on the whole, granting any error of practice in the case; it probably resides with those who sow too late: in fine, late semination seldom succeeds, and it may be safely ruled that, such should never be practised but on the necessity of the case. The lands have been generally in sufficient forwardness for this important process; but the weather in either extreme, has once more presented an obstacle to exertion. The continued drought rendered it impracticable to proceed on the light and dry lands, whilst the farmers of heavy and moist soils, their moisture also increased by the thick night fogs usually attendant upon drought by day, were enabled to persevere without hinderance, in the business of the season. The light land farmers have been subsequently relieved by several days rain, of which it is to hoped they made an industrious use, as the drought has since recurred, occasioning a defect of herbage on the stubbles, and making the pastures quite bare, except on the most fertile gramineous soils. The capriciousness of grass seeds also in the choice of soils is a well known and curious fact, and further, the different quality and even colour of the grasses upon different soils, there being a reddish tint observable on the verdure of the grass upon poor lands, particularly in the south western counties. The weather permitting, wheat sowing will be finished throughout, in the course of next month; to be shortly after succeeded by the Christmas agricultural vacation, when we heartily wish our farmers a merrier Christmas than they have enjoyed for several years past. As high as 70s. per quarter has been given for seed wheat.

As the quantity and quality of the different crops, we have to add to our last report, and we have yet no reason to repent of our early caution in respect to more magnificent accounts of our this year's crops, of wheat more especially. These exaggerations prevail now, in very few quarters. The wheat crop is supposed to have been most successful in Scotland, and perhaps half a dozen counties in both the north and southern parts of England; in those, it is deemed above an average, quantity and quality, the highest weights reaching upwards of 64 lb. the imperial bushel; we have, however, formerly weighed 65 lbs. clear of the sack from the old eight gallon bushel. In these fortunate districts, the greater part of the wheat was secured previously to the advent of the ominous ten days. Yet, even had those remnants *not* to be saved from the adverse effects of those days so seriously inimical both to individual and national interests. In no part of our island are the farmers so thoroughly satisfied with their crops, more especially, the most valuable, than even in Scotland, and in the wholesale view of quantity and quality, both of corn and straw, and freedom from their late famous real or supposed enemy, the FLY. In the quality of barley, they pretend to rival us, their southern countrymen, both for weight and brightness, exhibiting a new sample of the weight of 56 lbs. per bushel. The union has done wonders for Scotland; in *that respect*, we must not be O'Connellized in Ireland. It ought to form a grave consideration for our farmers and labourers, by what means, the farmers in the north have been more successful than ours, and the latter more moral and contented. To finish with wheat—it is generally held that, among the earliest and most fortunate farmers, two thirds, or nearly, have been secured in the most perfect state. With the opposite and most unfortunate class, their wheat crop tells nearly even in quantity, between the best and the worst. Not being, at this time, in a controversial temper, we elicit with a degree of hesitation the following remark; there are immense breadths of land in this country, which, allowing for seed, do not produce more *common average* than 12 to 14 bushels of wheat per acre, and that invariably of an inferior quality. What a cheering encouragement, in our days, for the cultivation of wastes. Our import of wheat and seeds has been immense, and of late, our export considerable; consolatory the latter, as far as it goes. It is a branch of commerce to be pushed and encouraged. The culture of seeds in England, seems about to receive a finishing stroke from the regular large importations, and bark is greatly reduced in price from the same cause. In Ireland the opinion is general and decisive, against the supposition of an unprecedentedly large wheat crop. Our

barley crop is in general sufficiently bulky, corn and straw; but perhaps, barely one-third of it was harvested in fine condition. The two-thirds, discoloured and damp, and such as we have purchased in days long gone by, at 4s. 6d. the four bushels. Some of the best of this, if kept a sufficient length of time, may be saleable for malting; the remainder must be chiefly the portion of swine. Oats are a large crop, but have partaken, to a considerable extent, of the common misfortune of the season. Many samples are damp, and the straw, in some parts, has been *rusted* by blight or blast. Clover seed has been well preserved, with this peculiarity in many parts, two-thirds of the heads have contained no seed; whence it is conjectured that, the haulm or straw will be so much the more nutritious to cattle. If potatoes be not an average crop in point of quantity, such effect may be attributable to a smaller breadth than usual having been planted, since the quality is this year super-excellent. Such has been the case in Scotland, we have no doubt. As to the boasted resurrection of turnips, there appears to be a considerable flaw. Even *Scotia* complains of turnips. Fortunately, the stock of hay and straw is large, for since the commencement of the present month, easterly winds and drought have prevailed so constantly, that in many parts, the pastures are as bare as a footpath. These are serious considerations for cattle and sheep winterers, and necessarily reduce their store price, even that of Sheep. Cows are cheaper. Lambs have lately declined two or three shillings a head; yet, we hear that at the great fair of Weyhill, the number of sheep penned was not so large by twenty thousand, as at some former fairs. At this fair, Mr. James Mills had the honour of providing the king with a choice pen of South Down ewes to run in the park at Windsor; a good taste in our patriotic sovereign, who is, beyond question, fated to rank in history, as the best king of his race. We say this from sincere conviction, though sincerely *radical*. Pigs seem to maintain their late-year right and privilege, of moderate numbers and high price, and now, especially, in the western and bacon-eating districts. As an illustration, we will record, that, during our residence in Hants; many years since, indeed, we had a neighbouring and considerable farmer, who had, during twenty years, consumed no other flesh meat in his family, than bacon, the holy Christmas days excepted. With all our complaints, and heaven knows we have too many just ones, we live in a land of plenty. The crop of fruit has redeemed its reputation prematurely attacked, and we can sweetly add, that the crop of honey is so large, as to reduce the price to sixpence and sevenpence per lb. However, by the by, we have purchased the article both in Essex and Hants, at *twopence*, but in days of yore. Game in profusion. The price of malt in the market accounts, a shilling or two above the price of wheat.

Several cattle have been lately poisoned by licking fresh painted boards. A steam engine for agricultural purposes, has lately been presented in model to the Manchester society, by Mr. Gough. We can at present, discern no prospect, near or remote, of agricultural prosperity proceeding by *steam*. Hop-picking is finished; of the crop, in respect to weight and quality, and also of the duty, we shall be able to speak more deservedly in a future report. On the continent they have failed universally, and there is at present export demand for France, Belgium, and Germany. Such was the occurrence about fifteen years since. Detestable incendiarism still lurks in the perverted minds of our country labourers. This in England!

The Dead Markets, by the carcase, per stone of 8lbs.—Beef, 2s. to 3s. 8d.—Mutton, 2s. 2d. to 4s.—Lamb, 3s. 4d. to 4s. 6d.—Veal, 3s. to 4s. 6d.—Pork, 3s. to 5s. 4d.; Dairy ditto, 5s. 10d.

Game.—Pheasants, plentiful of late, 8s. the brace.—Partridges 4s.—Hares and Leverets plenty, 2s. 6d. to 3s. each.—Grouse, 5s. a brace.—Black game, 8s. very scarce.—The common wild fowl, plentiful and cheap.—Good Teal fine and plentiful.—Woodcocks and Snipes scarce.

Corn Exchange.—Wheat, 44s. to 62s.—Barley, 24s. to 35s.—Oats, 17s. to 25s.—London Loaf, 4lb. 8½d.—Hay, 50s. to 80s.—Clover, ditto, 63s. to 110s.—Straw, 29s. to 30s.

Coal Exchange.—Coals in the Pool 14s. to 22s. 6d. per ton.

Middlesex, Oct. 24.